

UNDERTALE: Alphys' Adventures

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UNDERTALE: Alphys' Adventures

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Summary

A little while after the events of the original Undertale's True Pacifist run, the monsters have temporarily retreated back into the Underground for whatever reason while Frisk actively refuses Flowey's demands for him to reset the game.

Alphys has plans to create a new anime series, but her plans are interrupted by the fact that Mettaton has broken through the barrier and is trying to take over the entire surface world by amassing a fanbase of every single person on it combined with the fanbase of monsters that he already has.

Therefore, naturally, through a very strange coincidence, Alphys ends up breaking through the barrier and forming a direct alliance with Sans, Papyrus and her lovely girlfriend Undyne in an attempt to stop Mettaton's madness.

Chapter 1

UNDERTALE: Alphys' Adventures

CHAPTER 1: A Hearty Dose Of Determination

It was a beautiful day outside on the Earth's surface. Birds were singing, flowers were blooming, and people simply would not stop praising the sheer brilliance of Undertale.

Shortly after saving all of the monsters in the underground from certain doom and achieving the best ending in the game, Frisk, the legendary heroic kid who fell into the underworld through a large hole in Mount Ebbot up on the surface, had decided to turn a new leaf.

ABOUT TWO WEEKS LATER...

"What do you MEAN you aren't going to reset the game?" Flowey angrily asked Frisk in confusion as the two of them sat together next to Sans' house in the freezing wastes of Snowdin. "Don't you understand the RULES that I have PERSONALLY obligated to you through your god-damned STEAM CONTRACT? I don't care HOW good OR bad of an ending you ACHIEVE, Mr. Goody-Goody Two Shoes! One of these days, you're going to have to RESET, you hear me?! ALL the way back to the freakin' beginning, you son of a bitch!"

"Hmm...no response, eh? Well, FINE! Have it YOUR way, asshole! We'll SEE who has the last laugh NOW, won't we?" Flowey cackled, burrowing into the ground and disappearing.

"Like I haven't heard it before..." Frisk sighed, walking into Sans' house and falling asleep on the couch.

Meanwhile, in the soggy, damp, cavernous marshland of Waterfall, Undyne had just finished building herself a new house and was busy wondering where her nerdy little lizard girlfriend, Alphys, had bolted off to this time.

"Aw, who am I kidding? That dorky little dweeb is locking herself in her lab again, isn't she?" Undyne groaned, filing her pointy fish nails and gnashing her razor-sharp fish teeth together as she laid on her cot and stared at the massive tarantula on her ceiling. "Man, if only she wasn't so damned cold-blooded, then I would've been able to go a lot more places with her..."

"Hey, spider, do you have any idea what I'm talking about?" Undyne asked the tarantula.

"Uhh...what's a lesbian?" the tarantula asked.

"DIE!" Undyne yelled valiantly, skewering him with one of her laser spears and hurling him out the window.

"Okay...I changed...my mind...lesbians...are awesome...would you please...autograph...my legs?" the tarantula rasped in agonizing pain.

"Fifty dollars per leg." Undyne sighed, stomping on the floor and then grabbing her prized magic marker as it magically fell from the ceiling.

"Never...mind..." the spider coughed and wheezed, curling its legs together and passing out.

"Say, you know what I oughta do?" Undyne realized, snapping her fingers with sudden realization. "Why, I oughta take that big ol' dead spider and hang him up on a stake right outside my front

door! Why, that'll give me the PERFECT makeshift mascot for a lemonade stand!"

TWELVE SECONDS LATER...

"Well, that was a bust." Undyne sighed, her face covered with nasty toxic spider bites.

"I'm...just...going to...take a...little...nap now..." she mumbled exhaustedly, collapsing onto the floor and falling asleep.

"Hey, look, Papyrus, there she is!" Sans informed his brother Papyrus as the two of them suddenly found her lying on the ground in a state of unconsciousness.

"Sans, did you have this whole thing planned out all along?" Papyrus sighed.

"Of course, bro! Wouldn't have had it any other way." Sans snickered, patting Papyrus on the back so hard that one of Papyrus' teeth flew out and hit Monster Kid right in the eye.

"OWWW, MY EYEEEE!!!" Monster Kid screamed in pain, running around aimlessly before finally scraping the tooth out of his eye with his feet since he had no arms whatsoever.

"Let me guess; you also planned for THAT to happen as well?" Papyrus groaned.

"You betcha!" Sans busted out laughing as Monster Kid walked up to him and kicked him in the shin. "OW, what was THAT for?"

"HA HA! Guess what the GREAT Papyrus foresaw happening in advance?" Papyrus boasted.

"Put a sock in it, bonehead." Sans chuckled. "Now come on, help me lug this big lug over to Alphys' lab!" Sans explained, hoisting the top half of Undyne over his shoulder while Papyrus carried the bottom half.

"But Sans, Alphys' freaking lab is located in freaking HOTLAND! For God's freaking sake, brother, my freaking SKIN will freaking burn right freaking off!" Papyrus cried.

"Papyrus, how many frickin' times do I have to tell you? YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE SKIN! NEITHER TO I, FOR THAT MATTER! WE'RE FREAKING SKELETONS!" Sans ranted irritably.

"Does that mean...I've been living a LIE this whole time?!" Papyrus stammered. In that very unprecedented moment, the great Papyrus' mind was expanded.

"Oh my freaking God..." Sans groaned, rolling his eyes as the two of them crossed the bridge into Hotland, where Alphys, being cold-blooded and all, naturally lived.

Immediately after reaching the other side of the bridge, Sans and Papyrus found a water dispenser that Sans had already known about for quite some time.

"Gosh, what would anything living HERE need WATER for?" Papyrus wondered, scratching his head as the two of them set Undyne down onto the hot, dry, rocky ground.

"Papyrus, I'm telling you, dude...one of these days, you're gonna have to learn to think outside the BOX." Sans warned him.

"WHAT box?" Papyrus asked. "You mean as in the DIALOGUE box that has suddenly appeared right below I, the GREAT Papyrus?"

"You know what? Just forget it." Sans shrugged, grabbing a plastic cup from the dispenser and

filling it with cold water. "Papyrus, please hold Undyne's mouth open, would you?"

"Okay, bucko!" Papyrus agreed, holding Undyne's mouth open and then snapping it shut just as Sans' cup-holding hand went into it. "HA! FOOLED YOU! NYEHEHEH! Hope that took a nice big BITE out of your overwhelmingly massive ego! Yet another glorious victory for I, the GREAT Papyrus!" Papyrus rolled on the ground laughing.

"Heh...nice try, pal." Sans snickered, opening Undyne's mouth back up with telekinesis and phasing his arm back into existence. "You'll have to try a little harder than THAT!"

"I see you two morons haven't changed one BIT..." Undyne laughed as she woke up to the familiar sound of the skeleton brothers bickering each other to death as they always did.

"Does it even LOOK like I care?" Sans snickered, levitating himself into the air and positioning himself as if he was lying on a hammock.

"Sans, it's at times like these that we simply cannot AFFORD not to care anymore!" Papyrus yelled at him angrily.

"You can say that again." Sans chuckled as he led Papyrus and Undyne straight to the front door of Alphys' Lab. "Hey, what do you say we lean up against this door here and eavesdrop on one of her conversations for old time's sake?"

As Sans, Papyrus and Undyne leaned up against the front door of the Lab, Alphys was busy telling Asgore for literally the forty-eighth time in the past week about her catastrophic experience with studying the effects of determination overdose on the bodies of monsters.

"W-wait, wait, it g-gets even b-better from t-there!" Alphys laughed and sobbed, with tears of partially forced sorrow streaming down her unwashed, smelly, scaly, sweaty, nerdy face.

"What happens next?" Asgore, who had only recently been strapped onto an operating table and hooked up to magical life support, sighed with boredom.

"W-when the p-patient w-woke up, h-her S-SKELETON was m-missing, h-half of her entire b-body was s-sloughing off of the other s-side, her organic m-matter was f-fused and m-melted together with t-that of at least s-sixteen other p-people, and b-best of all, the d-doctor was n-never h-heard f-from AGAIN!" she laughed and sobbed even harder still, burying her head in her hands and breaking down into a fit of unrestrained weeping.

"A-anyway...t-that's how I l-lost m-my MEDICAL license!" Alphys chuckled, wiping her eyes off as she lifted her head back up out of her hands to face Asgore, who simply yawned with boredom from having already heard about the incident at least a hundred times before.

"Mother of God..." Asgore groaned exhaustedly, trying and failing to pretend that he was even slightly interested in hearing about Alphys' tragic and horrifying backstory for at least the forty-seventh-and-a-halfth time in the past week.

"Mother of Snowdrake, you mean." Alphys corrected him, causing Sans to burst into the room with trombone in hand and play a few obligatory notes for comedic effect.

"SANS! This is a very serious moment, and therefore, I, the GREAT Papyrus, shall NOT allow you to RUIN it for these poor unfortunate souls!" Papyrus scolded Sans, grabbing him by the collar of his hoodie.

"What, you can't handle a little BONE-DRY humor every once in a while?" Sans winked straight

at the reader of this story, throwing his hands out beside him.

"SANS! What did I tell you about breaking the fourth wall?" Papyrus reminded him.

"That it's FUN and REWARDING and not in the LEAST bit disturbing?" Sans chuckled, summoning a hot dog out of thin air and attempting to hand it straight to the reader when Papyrus suddenly smacked it out of his hand.

"SANS! This is why you don't have any REAL friends!" Papyrus sighed, facepalming gently.

"Hey, we can all afford to be a little BONELY every once in a while, can't we?" Sans winked yet again at the reader. "I mean, TIBIA honest, I don't exactly have a SKELE-TON of joke material to work myself to the BONE with here!"

That did it. Papyrus simply could not take any more of Sans' unbearable puns. Therefore, he flew into a trolling-induced rage and tackled Sans onto the ground...except that Sans immediately teleported right out of the way before Papyrus could even touch him.

"What, you think I'm just gonna stand there and take it?" Sans chuckled.

Papyrus pounded his fists on the floor in frustration, knowing that he would never truly be as cool as his brother. "SANS, I SWEAR TO THE FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER, I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, AM GOING TO FREAKING-"

"Say, what's all that ruckus out there?" Asgore asked, pointing to the front door of the lab.

"Oh, I dunno, who cares? Just something about strangling someone with a bunch of wet noodles..." Alphys snickered, glancing over at her last jar of ramen noodles. "Hmm...I just remembered what those were originally intended for..." she whispered to herself.

"What?" Asgore asked Alphys as the battle between Sans and Papyrus continued raging outside.

"Oh, nothing, my dear!" Alphys giggled, sweating so much that it was starting to create a stagnant liquid trail on the floor.

"Geez, do you ever mop the floor in here?" Asgore asked, looking around and noticing all of the slimy food crumbs, weeaboo sweat, dust bunnies and artificial dog residue strewn everywhere.

"Some creatures have different taste in household hygiene than our own." Alphys shuddered, heading over to the lab sink and sawing the dried endogenous black substance off of her dog bowl with a high-grade laser cutter.

"Hey there." Sans greeted Alphys and Asgore, casually strolling right in through the front door. "I see nothing's changed around here? Geez, it sure is good to see that only WATER came out of the sink this time!"

"SANS! Alphys already got rid of those dreadful, accursed, abominable...for lack of a more descriptive word in my vocabulary...blasted THINGS a LONG time ago!" Papyrus reminded Sans angrily, his teeth shaking.

"Well, she's still cleaning up their royal MESS, ain't she?" Sans snickered, casting a mean glare at Alphys. "Looks like she's been having a real bad time, am I right?"

"Sans, for the love of anime, what do you WANT?" Alphys sighed.

"We just wanna know what this whole thing we've been hearing about you wanting to make your OWN anime is all about, that's all." Sans explained.

"Let's hold off on that for now." Alphys suggested. "Because right now, I have some work to do."

"Does it involve jerking off to anime?" Sans snickered at her.

"SANS!" Papyrus and Undyne yelled at him.

"Surprisingly, no. Rather, it involves me injecting-"

"OH, NO YOU DON'T!" Sans growled, tackling Alphys onto the ground.

"Please...don't...hurt...me..." Alphys stammered, wetting the floor.

"I am NOT going to let you inject your god-damned DETERMINATION-whatever into ANYONE else! ESPECIALLY after what happened the LAST time you tried that..." Sans yelled at her, clenching his fists.

"Oh, yeah, THAT...I was just discussing that, wasn't I?" Alphys sighed. "Well, I mean, after all...there's no use crying over spilt milk, right?"

At that moment, Sans raised his fist in anger. "WHY, I OUGHTA-"

"SANS, NO!" Undyne warned him.

"Sans, she's right! Let her be! This isn't what I, the GREAT Papyrus, would have wanted!" Papyrus suggested nervously trembling in his boots.

"Okay, just promise you won't try to melt me and my bro Papyrus together like what happened in that one AU on the Internet!" Sans begged Alphys, grabbing her by the collar of her lab coat.

"Ah, yes, the Internet! I'm QUITE popular there!" Papyrus chuckled.

"So am I, but you don't see ME bragging about it..." Undyne groaned, rolling her eyes.

"Everybody make some popcorn, cause I'm about to do some crazy...stuff." Alphys sighed, opening up her refridgerator, the front of which was covered with countless photos of her and Undyne together.

"Guess you could say Undyne's...HOOKED on you. Like a FISH!" Sans winked at Alphys, nudging her in the process.

"Go fornicate with yourself." Alphys muttered back at him, pushing the severed head of who-knows-what out of the way as she pulled Asgore's heart out of the refridgerator.

"Now, most hearts couldn't withstand this amount of determination..." Alphys explained, holding the heart in her greasy hand as she pulled her new and improved determination injector out of her pocket, "...but I'm fairly certain that your heart will-"

SPLAT! Asgore's heart exploded, splattering all over the place.

"What in the hell was that disgusting noise?" Asgore asked, trembling in terror.

"Twas the sound of determination, my friend." Alphys chuckled, her face contorting into an incredibly awkward expression of WHAT HAVE I DONE.

Suddenly, right when everyone least expected it, Asgore's heart literally exploded IN REVERSE, reforming itself back into Alphys' grimy hands!

"What in the actual fish-frying F***?!" Undyne gasped in amazement.

"UNDYNE! LANGUAGE!" Papyrus scolded her.

"What, is this a little too WEIRD for you?" Alphys laughed before turning around and seeing Reaper Bird craning its freakishly long and deformed neck into Asgore's open chest.

"Reaper Bird, NO! SHOO! SHOO!" Alphys scolded Reaper Bird, shooing it out of the lab with a rolled-up newspaper. "It's filthy and cholesterol-loaded in there! Ugh...BIRDS!"

"THAT was a BIRD?!" Undyne shuddered.

"Sure could've fooled me." Sans snickered.

"Sans, if and when we ever get back home, could you please triple the number of bedtime stories you read to me every night?" Papyrus begged Sans, collapsing onto the floor and grabbing his ankles.

"YOU, my friend, need to GROW UP to at least THREE times the age you're acting right now!" Sans suggested angrily, levitating Papyrus back up onto his feet.

"Good idea!" Papyrus giggled. "I heard that acting mature attracts the ladies, so why else would I ever do it anyway? I, the GREAT Papyrus, am rather well above such ludicrously unimportant and meaningless things as GROWING UP! NYEHEHEH!"

"I'd like to describe how utterly pathetic what you just said was...but, unfortunately, it would seem that I'm all out of bone puns." Sans sighed, sitting down on the floor and burying his head in his hands in shame.

"Take it from Sans." Undyne warned Papyrus. "If you keep going the way you are now, you're gonna have a bad time."

Meanwhile, at the operating table, Alphys had almost finished going about her surgical experiment.

"Should I be awake for this?" Asgore asked her nervously. "More importantly...since my wife Toriel fired you from your job as the Royal Scientist about two whole weeks ago, is this even LEGAL in the first place?"

"Well, no..." Alphys sighed, licking her blood-drenched hands. "But as long as you are awake, could you hold your ribcage open a bit? I CAN'T...SEEM TO..."

"AUUUGGGHHHH!!!" Asgore screamed in agony as Alphys ripped one of his ribs out with her bare hands.

"Oh, don't be such a Whimsun! RIBS grow back!" Alphys laughed, chucking Asgore's removed rib out of the window, where it apparently hit some random cat off in the background.

"NO, THEY DON'T!" Alphys moonwalked over and whispered into Undyne's ear, causing Undyne to clasp her hands over her mouth in an amazingly strong effort not to vomit.

"What was that you just said? Was it something about lollipops and rainbows? PLEASE tell me it

was something about lollipops and rainbows!" Papyrus asked.

"Trust me, pal, you don't wanna know ANY of what's happening right now." Sans reminded him.

"Wow, this is an astonishingly excellent result of my astonishingly QUESTIONABLE experimental ethics!" Alphys gasped. "WHY, ASGORE, I can literally FEEL your heart PULSATING with DETERMINATION, fluffybuns!" Alphys laughed maniacally.

"Umm...should we get out of here?" Undyne stammered, looking frantically behind her to make sure that the front door wasn't locked.

"Would true heroes like I, the GREAT Papyrus, EVER run from a good hearty serving of DANGER? NEVER, I say, NEVER! NYEHEHEHEH!" Papyrus laughed.

"We are officially boned..." Sans sighed.

"Hmm...well, I suppose this looks good!" Alphys laughed, suddenly calming down as she unceremoniously plopped the heart back into Asgore's chest.

"How in the love of f*** is Asgore still alive after all that?" Undyne gasped, utterly baffled beyond belief.

"Magic!" Alphys replied, snorting a few times for added effect. "Now watch this!"

Smugly closing her eyes, Alphys performed an uncomfortably sexy jazz pose and snapped her fingers in just such a way that the magic energy surrounding Asgore went completely wild and instantaneously reformed his entire chest, organs and all, around the heart.

"Heh heh...NOW...Let's go practice MEDICINE." Alphys cackled, taking Asgore's hand as he got back up off of the operating table and onto his giant, reeking feet. "And by medicine, I mean sitting around and watching anime with me like a total LOSER!"

"Hey, that's MY job!" Undyne reminded her angrily.

"Is...is our favorite big fuzzy pushover okay?" Papyrus asked.

"What do YOU think?" Sans asked him somewhat sarcastically.

"I think that my experiment just might be a SUCCESS after all!" Alphys laughed excitedly as the freshly rejuvenated Asgore wrapped his massive, burly arms around her, squeezing her lungs.

"Um, okay...you can stop...ch-choking me now..."

"Aw, don't mention it, Lizard Nerd Girl!" Asgore laughed uproariously, nuzzling her forcefully.

"Hmph." Alphys grunted, narrowing her eyes.

Hot Lizard-On-Fish Action

CHAPTER 2: HOT LIZARD-ON-FISH ACTION

"So what about this whole anime thing you've been planning is so damned special that you had to forcefully invite all of us over here with death threats for it?" Sans asked.

"Yeah, what good will ever come out of bombing innocent people's houses just because they happened to actually like Mew Mew Kissy Cutie 2?" Papyrus asked. "I mean, I, the GREAT Papyrus, for one, think that it was actually a pretty good film...minus all the stupid anime facial expressions."

"Aww, you're such a sugary-sweet little cutie-pie. I could literally just hug you until you die." Asgore complimented Alphys, squeezing her even harder until her face turned green.

"What's the matter, sweetheart, are you currently suffering from Alphys-phyxiation?" Sans winked at the audience.

"Put me the f*** down." Alphys commanded Asgore, who threw her across the lab; she made her crash-landing on the wall where the front door was located, just above the door itself.

"Oh, sweet Jesus, are you okay?" Undyne asked, summoning her spear and glaring angrily at Asgore.

"What, I didn't do nothing!" Asgore chuckled.

"Nothing...a few...days...at the chiropractor's...won't fix..." Alphys coughed and wheezed.

"You poor little thing!" Undyne sobbed, picking her up, cradling her in her arms, hugging her softly, and kissing her before setting her back down onto her feet.

"Alright, that's ENOUGH romantic cuddling for one day, thank you very much!" Alphys sighed, still fantasizing about snuggling in bed with Undyne as she walked over to Sans angrily.

"Sans, YOU, sir, are a completely obnoxious, stupid, lazy, unfunny, pile of-"

"Shh! I know, I know!" Sans shushed her.

"Alright, now that that's out of the way, I have the perfect answer to your question, Sans." Alphys informed Sans, folding her arms behind her back as always.

"I sure hope it involves lots of SPAGHETTI!" Papyrus snickered.

"Papyrus, do you ever shut up?" Undyne asked Papyrus.

"Why should I?" Papyrus asked. "I, the GREAT Papyrus, have absolutely NO need for-"

"GUYS!" Alphys yelled frustratedly at everyone. "As I was saying-"

"Where's the nearest bathroom?" Asgore interrupted. "I gotta take a dump so huge my grandmother will be able to smell it all the way up in-"

"AS I WAS SAYING!!!" Alphys growled through clenched teeth, snapping her markerboard pointer in half, "Mettaton is on the loose again. And he's just as stereotypically British as ever."

"Does that mean that he's a smug and sarcastic son of a bitch?" Sans asked.

"OF COURSE!" Alphys bellowed, briefly turning her head away from the markerboard.

"I can't STAND those types of people! Come on, let's beat the crap out of him!" Undyne laughed, flipping her spear impatiently.

"That's exactly what I'm PLANNING to do!" Alphys explained, producing a digital dry-erase marker from her digital pocket and drawing out her digital plan on her digital markerboard. Needless to say, she made a mess of badly drawn random shapes everywhere.

"You know what, screw it, I can't draw worth shite anyways." Alphys sighed, opening up Microsoft Powerpoint on her projector-linked computer and projecting her most recent Powerpoint project onto the markerboard.

"Alright, so, you see this?" Alphys asked, advancing to the first slide. "This is the Earth's surface."

"Alright, so, step one!" Alphys explained, advancing to the second slide. "We go through the Barrier, as is displayed in this poorly Photoshopped image here, and reach the surface of present-day Philadelphia, where Mettaton is already wreaking havoc as displayed in THIS poorly Photoshopped image."

"Will there be free refreshments?" Undyne asked.

"Oh, SURE! All the polluted DELAWARE RIVER WATER you can DRINK!" Alphys told her sarcastically, with a very annoyed tone due to the constant interruptions she was getting.

"Who cares if it's polluted, it's still water." Undyne shrugged.

"Step two!" Alphys beckoned, advancing to the third slide...which had nothing on it. "God DAMN it, more than HALF of my master plan is GONE now!"

"What's the matter, darling?" Mettaton asked her through the cell communication device that he had permanently lodged into her brain a few months ago. "Hearing VOICES in your head?"

"Mettaton, honey, I know how much you love to hear your own sexy voice, but now is quite frankly NOT THE TIME for this! GO AWAY!" Alphys commanded him.

"My dear, I would never pass up the pleasure of informing you about my latest evil plan!" Mettaton explained. "With the entire population of Earth watching me, I will become the true STAR I've always wanted to be!"

"Wow, and I thought I, the Great Papyrus, was egotistical." Papyrus gasped.

"Um, excuse me, if you don't mind me asking...WHY DO YOU NEED SO MANY GODDAMNED FANS?! Can't you at least LIVE with having 11,000 people down here watching you?" Alphys ranted in a fit of confusion.

"Who needs 11,000 fans when you can have 63 BILLION?!" Mettaton laughed maniacally. "Now if you'll excuse me, I have a show to attend. With my final word, allow me to get one of my favorite songs of all time STUCK IN YOUR HEAD! Toodles!"

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

"I'm...never gonna...dance again...guilty feet...have got...no rhythm..." Alphys, who was curled up

in a fetal position whilst trembling on the floor, carelessly whispered to herself while gently hitting herself in the head with a hammer.

"Dude, the song already stopped playing, like, five minutes ago." Undyne informed her, scraping her back up onto her feet.

"Oh, it did? Gosh, I feel like such a fool now." Alphys sighed, putting her clothes back on and shrugging her shoulders. "Say, where's Asgore?"

"Oh, him? He got bored and left." Undyne laughed.

"Oh, well, we've still got a team of you, me, and the skeleton bros here. What could possibly go wrong?" Alphys asked.

"I guess we're just gonna have to find out ourselves." Sans chuckled.

"Do you two even realize how many kiss marks you just put on each other's faces?" Papyrus asked.

"I, the GREAT Papyrus, am now convinced that I should partake in the art of intoxicated dance one of these glorious days!"

"HMPH! Blushing is for the WEAK!" Undyne laughed, reverting her face back to normal color from the power of her sheer determination alone. "Alphys! SNAP OUT OF IT!"

SLAP!

"Ow, what'd you smack me in the face for?" Alphys asked her in pain.

"You're stalling for time. Let's GO already!" Undyne urged her.

"Once we get to Philly, I am going to stack so many goddamned Philly Cheesesteaks onto my head that it will become a national monument: the Cheesesteak Skyscraper!" Sans boasted.

"That's the spirit!" Papyrus laughed heartily.

"Come on, guys, pack your bags, LET'S GO!" Alphys encouraged everyone as they all marched right out the front door, with no bags to speak of apart from their disproportionately large-on-the-inside pockets.

After taking the local Hotland elevator system all the way up to Mettaton's MTT Resort hotel, Alphys and friends took a brief visit to said hotel's burger shop, where Burgerpants was STILL stuck flipping burgers, just like he always had been ever since the incident that earned him his nickname.

"Alright, so, what do you know about Mettaton, you little PUNK?" Undyne demanded to know from him, reaching across the counter and grabbing him by the collar of his work uniform.

"UNDYNE!" Alphys gasped in shock.

"He's...a douche..." Burgerpants coughed and wheezed, trying not to crap his pants in terror.

"That's all we needed to know, thanks." Undyne chuckled, setting him back down onto his feet.

"Hey, before you leave...would you like to buy a Glamburger?" Burgerpants asked. "They're delicious, nutritious, and loaded with enough goddamned preservatives to give the average human a heart attack...TWICE! Sadly, Justin Bieber has not eaten one yet."

"Sorry, but I'm a skeleton with STANDARDS!" Papyrus laughed.

"Have a nice day flipping burgers, chump! See you in hell!" Sans laughed.

"Grr...WHY YOU LITTLE!" Burgerpants roared, throwing his spatula at Sans.

"Oh, no, you don't!" Sans chuckled, stopping the spatula in midair and hurling it straight back at the thrower with his telekinetic powers.

"WHOA!" Burgerpants gasped, ducking under the counter as his own spatula whizzed right past him and lodged itself into the wall.

"Th-thank you f-for your p-patronage..." Burgerpants stammered with fright, cowering behind cover as Sans levitated what appeared to be a one-dollar bill onto the counter. As Alphys and friends walked out, Burgerpants picked the dollar up and observed it with excitement.

"OH MY GOD, IT'S A HUMAN ONE-DOLLAR BILL!" Burgerpants cried in pure joy. "DOWN HERE IN THE UNDERGROUND, THESE THINGS ARE WORTH LIKE 100,000 G! I CAN FINALLY FEED MY FAMILY NOW! WOO!"

"Hey, news flash, buddy: for starters, you don't even have a family. Also, the dollar's fake." Sans walked back in and explained to him.

"W-W-WHAT?!?" Burgerpants gasped, his eyes suddenly glistening with tears.

At that moment, Alphys and friends collapsed onto the floor and began laughing uncontrollably.

"OH, LORD, I CAN'T BELIEVE HE ACTUALLY FELL FOR THAT!" Papyrus laughed.

"OH, MA-HA-HA-HAN, SOMEONE PLEASE HO-HOLD ME, I CAN'T S-STOP LAUGHING!" Alphys laughed hysterically, rolling back and forth.

"WHAT A LOSER!" Undyne laughed.

"You know what? I think I'm going to commit suicide now. Thank you, assholes." Burgerpants told them, grabbing his butcher knife and slamming it right into his forehead as Alphys and friends fled back out into the lobby, wherein a peeing statue of Mettaton was on display.

"See?" Mettaton laughed through Alphys' cell receiver. "You guys truly ARE no better than the bad guys, aren't you?"

"I can live with that." Sans shrugged, hiding Burgerpants' body in an alternate dimension.

"Suicide? Over a simple prank? REALLY? What a cowardly thing to do!" Undyne sneered.

"Yeah...cowardly..." Alphys sighed. "I know that feeling all too well."

"I, the GREAT Papyrus, have NEVER done ANYTHING cowardly in my ENTIRE life! SHAME on him!" Papyrus boasted.

"Papyrus, you're twice as tall as me and you still need bedtime stories in order to go to sleep." Sans reminded him, rolling his eyes.

"Well, quite frankly, I haven't gotten a good night's sleep for QUITE some time, and would you look at how much THAT'S benefitted me!" Alphys laughed and then sighed, displaying her bloodshot, twitching, slightly bag-riddled eyes to everyone. "Quite frankly, I can't even go to sleep

without an Undyne plushie at my side!"

"Every night, I fantasize about eating out with Alphys! Except, you know, without the WITH part!" Undyne laughed.

"WHAT?" Sans gasped, placing a hand firmly over Papyrus' mouth.

"I, the GREAT Papyrus..." Papyrus began, wrenching Sans' hand off of his mouth, "...surmise that that is absolutely, positively DISGUSTING!"

"Uh...heh, heh...let's just s-settle this m-matter like s-sweet, anime-loving g-gentlemen..." Alphys stammered, backing away slowly.

"Oh, come on, how could you NOT have a crush on Alphys?" Undyne pleaded.

"Exactly! GET 'EM, BOYS!" Sans beckoned everyone in the hotel (except the janitor) in a rallying cry as he, Papyrus, and all of the hotel's current residents grabbed their pitchforks and torches.

"May I make a suggestion? RUN." Papyrus kindly suggested with an unintentionally creepy smile, twirling his giant candy-cane impatiently.

"On a SCALE of 1 to 10, how screwed would you consider yourself right now?" Sans asked Alphys.

"I'M SLEEPING WITH THE FISHES, BABY! YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!" Alphys laughed as she climbed onto Undyne's back and initiated a piggyback ride.

"Guess you could say you're...HIGHTAILING it outta here!" Sans snickered as Undyne ran out through the back door.

"Oh, for the love of various programming variables named after Undyne, SHUT UP!" Alphys groaned, rolling her eyes as Undyne ran across the bridge connecting MTT Resort to the Core.

"QUICK! Into the elevator!" Alphys commanded Undyne as the two of them entered the Core, with Sans' angry Alphys-loving mob right on their tails.

"Ha! Good one, narrator!" Alphys laughed as she and Undyne ran into the elevator.

"HEY! NOT SO FAST!" Papyrus yelled at them, waving his candy-cane in the air furiously. "We've STILL got a BONE to pick with you cursed lesbian scoundrels!"

"Yeah, you tell 'em, bro!" Sans chuckled, levitating up into the air and high-fiving Papyrus.

"Oh, no, no, NO, NO, NO!!!" Alphys screamed as the entire mob poured into the elevator just before the doors closed.

"We ain't closing the DOORS on this bullshit just YET, pal!" Sans winked at the audience as the local elevator music started to play.

"Alphys, you the reason why my wife. Is combined. With sixteen other people. You don't deserve a romantic partner. Like Undyne." Snowdrake's father told Alphys.

"Dad, for crying out loud, you're such a cold motherf***er!" Snowdrake scolded his father.

"Do you kiss your mother with that mouth?" Snowdrake's father asked him.

"Well, for that matter, would YOU kiss MY mother with YOUR mouth?" Snowdrake shuddered.
"Ha...ha..."

"I'm smiling and I hate it." Snowdrake's father sobbed.

"My thoughts exactly..." Alphys sighed.

"Hey, that's MY line!" Papyrus sneered.

"So, uhh...heh...heh...i-is t-there anything y-you g-guys w-would l-like t-to t-talk about?" Alphys stammered awkwardly, with every single person in the elevator shooting her a death glare.

"Uh...I m-meant b-besides h-how m-much you all h-hate m-me..." Alphys chuckled as the elevator reached its destination on the top floor.

"Run first, ask questions later!" Undyne reminded Alphys as the two of them bolted off through the rest of the Core and reached Asgore's castle, with the entire mob still after them.

"It's been one of those days..." Alphys sighed.

Full Kitten Jacket

CHAPTER 3: FULL KITTEN JACKET

"YOU! WILL NEVER! CATCH US!" Undyne taunted Sans' mob as it pursued her and Alphys (who was still riding piggyback on top of Undyne's shoulders) through Asgore's castle.

"QUICK! Down the staircase!" Alphys commanded Undyne as the two of them bolted down the staircase of Asgore's house.

"Hey, come back here, you big gay dinosaur!" Sans yelled at Alphys as she and Undyne made their way through the basement tunnel of Asgore's house.

"It's called being LESBIAN. There's a DIFFERENCE!" Alphys yelled back.

"Not when you're being chased by an angry mob, there isn't!" Sans snickered.

"WATCH OUT! PROJECTILES INBOUND!" Alphys warned Undyne as the mob readied itself to throw its weapons at the two of them.

"ENGLISH, PLEASE!" Undyne commanded Alphys as exactly three, no, FOUR pitchforks (along with a spatula, a baseball bat, a mop, a golf club, a whipped cream pie, a basketball, et cetera) were blindly flung at them by the mob, never even coming anywhere close to hitting either of them (except for the whipped cream pie, which somehow hit Alphys square in the face).

"Alright, whose bright idea was it to hire the frickin' stormtroopers here?" Sans groaned in disappointment at how clearly inept his mob was at aiming as Alphys and Undyne reached the massive bridge leading up to the Last Corridor.

"For f***'s sake, THE MOB IS THROWING SHIT AT US!" Alphys paraphrased, licking whipped cream residue off of her glasses as Undyne ducked under a rotten grilled-cheese sandwich while yelling "I ALREADY KNEW THAT, YOU IDIOT!"

"What? I found it in my armpit." Papyrus chuckled. "EAT SUGAR, SWEETHEARTS!" he laughed, chucking his giant candy-cane at them; luckily, Alphys caught it and kept it in her mouth.

"Aww, you're so cute with that giant candy-cane sticking out of your- DOH!" Undyne grunted in pain as she got hit in the back of the head with Snowdrake's father's MTT-brand dental fillings.

"FOCUS, MY LOVE!" Alphys warned her, pointing straight ahead as she and Undyne entered the Last Corridor.

"I KNEW those would come in handy!" Snowdrake laughed as his father spewed put unintelligible curse words through his toothless mouth.

"Son. When we get home. I am going to kick. Your f***ing spoiled. Rotten teeth in. And then. I'm going. To drink myself. To sleep. Like I do. Every single night now." Snowdrake's father told him after getting his teeth back.

"CEASE AND DESIST!" Sans commanded Alphys and Undyne, summoning Gaster Blasters from his hands and firing laser beams at them.

"DUCK! WEAVE! BOB! DUCK! WEAVE!" Alphys commanded Undyne as Undyne narrowly

dodged each laser beam by following her instructions.

"You may be able to RUN, but you can NEVER hide from the great PAPYRUS!" Papyrus boasted as Alphys and Undyne turned the corner onto the final path leading up to Asgore's throne room.

"We ARE going the right way...RIGHT?" Undyne asked Alphys as Sans telekinetically threw his slippers at them.

"LEFT!" Alphys commanded Undyne as the two of them made the final turn straight into Asgore's throne room, with the mob following behind them.

"ASGORE! HELP US! PLEASE!" Undyne and Alphys begged Asgore as he rose to meet them.

"What do you want from me now? I'm just trying to pick out the correct rose for Toriel here! Can't you just give an old man a break every once in a while?" Asgore sighed.

"W-well, y-you see...u-uh..." Alphys stammered.

"We're being chased by an angry mob of people led by Sans, and it would appear that they're all no less than hell-bent on freaking killing us!" Undyne explained, finishing Alphys' sentence.

"WHY?" Asgore asked as the mob stormed into the throne room.

"B-because w-we're l-lesbian..." Alphys sighed.

"That. And also. The fact. That you turned. My wife into. An eldritch abomination. That looks like. An abstract-art painting. Of two people eating out. Of someone's puss-puss." Snowdrake's father explained.

"Ah, yes, she's told me that story many, many, MANY times indeed..." Asgore sighed.

"Did I really word it like that, though?" Alphys laughed awkwardly.

"Oh, don't be so literal-minded!" Undyne scolded her.

"Personally, I always wanted to be the Royal Scientist myself!" Sans explained angrily. "But then...this freaking fatass weeaboo FRAUD just HAD to go and take my place! I swear, there really is no justice in the world..."

"He...he's RIGHT!" Alphys cried.

"There, there, now, don't cry, baby, don't cry. Undyne's here for you." Undyne comforted Alphys, patting her on the head, taking her off of her shoulders and smooching her right on the lips, causing Alphys to literally blush all the way from head to toe.

"It's just like one of my Japanese animes!" Alphys crooned in a droolingly lovestruck stupor, making adorable squeaky noises as Undyne squeezed her.

"BLEAUGH!" the Nice Cream guy puked. "It's too cute! It's DISGUSTING!"

"Those two are, like, SO lesbian for each other!" Bratty laughed.

"Yeah, it almost puts even US to shame!" Bratty's twin sister, Catty, giggled as she and Bratty passionately sniffed each other's skin for no apparent reason.

"She french-kissed Undyne right in front of me...back when she was still dating me!" Asgore

growled. "OH MY GOD, THEY'RE EVEN FRENCH-KISSING RIGHT NOW!"

"And that's not even the WORST part!" Papyrus sneered. "Why, she even gave ME, the GREAT Papyrus, a WOMEN'S pair of Mew Mew Kissy Cutie UNDERGARMENTS for CHRISTMAS!"

"I knew I should have gotten him a cookbook instead..." Alphys sobbed as Undyne finally set her back down onto her feet.

"Face it, Undyne: she's an autistic, festering, unwashed FAILURE! Always was, always will be." Sans chuckled.

"THAT'S IT!" Undyne roared, charging at Sans with her spear. "YOU TALK SHIT ABOUT MY BFF, YOU GO THROUGH ME! EN GARDE, DOUCHEBAG!"

Undyne attempted to skewer Sans with an extremely rapid succession of spear thrusts, yet Sans somehow dodged every single one of them as if they were literally nothing.

"W-WHAT?! H-how is this even...POSSIBLE?!" Undyne stammered in shock.

"What's the matter? You think I'm just gonna stand there and TAKE it?" Sans shrugged.

"ENOUGH!" Asgore roared, silencing everyone. "Look, I know the real reason why all of you are here. It's because you don't want Alphys to hurt Mettaton, isn't it?"

"Of COURSE not, my dear friend!" Papyrus agreed. "Mettaton is like an IDOL to us!"

"He sang crappy, overrated pop songs when no one else would." Sans sighed.

"There's a Mettaton-shaped hole in our Mettaton-shaped hearts!" Bratty and Catty snickered.

"He has the hottest legs I've ever seen! They're so damned hot that you could literally fry an EGG on top of them!" Undyne boasted enthusiastically.

"I'm glad to hear that you all agree with me, my wonderful viewers!" Mettaton's voice suddenly interrupted through Alphys' cell communication device. "Am I not the most gorgeous, handsome and beautiful sculpture of a man who ever walked upon this Earth?"

"W-well, you're c-certainly the sexiest V-VOICE I've ever heard in my H-HEAD, that's for sure!" Alphys laughed as the entire group laughed with her. "And I've been hearing an awful lot of voices in my head lately..." she muttered under her breath.

"Why, you INSOLENT little RAPSCALLION!" Mettaton seethed with rage. "How DARE you intentionally MOCK and INSULT and EMBARRASS me in front of such a MASSIVE crowd?!"

"Dude, chill! It's only, like, about 20 people!" Alphys giggled.

"Man, what a wuss!" Undyne laughed.

"Oh yeah? Oh YEAH?! Well, YOU'RE only...uh...ONE person! Yeah, how's them apples taste, DARLING? You just got BURNED by your own magnificent robotic creation!" Mettaton laughed.

"How dare you talk back to your own mother?" Alphys smugly bit back as Mettaton's built-in parental control system literally shocked him for being too much of an egotistical douche, which by his standards is most definitely A LOT to say the very least.

"Who's the burned one NOW?" Alphys laughed.

"I...I...I am absolutely, positively SHOCKED by the utterly astonishing level of pure, unrestrained impudence you have just displayed! Y-You will NEVER get away with this! As SOON as you arrive at the other side of that damned- OW!!!- barrier, you'd better be prepared for one HELL of a show, Little Miss Anime-Otaku-Weeaboo-Dorkasaurus Trash! OWWWWWW!!!!!!" Mettaton rambled furiously, unable to control the sheer magnitude of his own ego.

"For crying out loud, what in the seven hells is your MALFUNCTION?!" Alphys screamed at him.

"I built you a BEAUTIFUL glam-rockstar body to transform yourself into...I programmed a lovably charismatic personality the likes of which this world has never even seen before into your central processing unit...and THIS is the thanks I get?! When I get my hands on you, I'm going to disassemble your entire f***ing anatomic structure into HALVES, you hear me?! I'm going to forcefully insert your vocal processing unit so goddamned far up your butt outlet that when you produce excrement, you're going to sing f***ing BEETHOVEN!" Alphys ranted furiously at Mettaton, causing the jaws of every single person in the room to drop to the floor.

"Oh, REALLY? Then go ahead and DO it, if you're REALLY that determined. I'd LOVE to see it." Mettaton laughed smugly.

"Alright, that's it: this bastard NEEDS to learn a little LESSON from his mother. And by lesson, I mean kicking his freaking ass!" Alphys growled angrily.

"Count me in, chump." Sans agreed, offering to shake Alphys' hand.

"Let me guess: you're wearing a freaking joy buzzer, aren't you?" Alphys groaned.

"How did you know?" Sans shrugged.

"Tee hee hee!" Bratty and Catty giggled.

"Anyway, would you like me to join you guys?" Asgore asked.

"Nah, I think the main cast already has enough characters as is, no need to add more to the mix." Sans chuckled. "Also, just between you and me, pal..."

"You're not even half as badass as I am." Sans levitated up and whispered into Asgore's ear.

"Very well then!" Papyrus chuckled. "We'll show that sniveling, egotistical metalhead! Repeat after me: BONE is stronger than STEEL!"

"How do you even KNOW that?" Alphys asked him.

"I THINK, therefore I KNOW!" Papyrus boasted, shaking Sans' joy-buzzer hand and getting zapped in the process. "Now let's kick some flashy, hammy BUTTOCKS! The entire WORLD is depending on it, is it not? I, the GREAT Papyrus-"

"Stop." Sans sighed, covering Papyrus' mouth.

"Darlings, DARLINGS, what are you WAITING for? ENOUGH chit-chat amongst yourselves, let's talk about ME! I'm a lean, mean, lady-killing machine, and the very first stop on my favorite train line JUST SO HAPPENS TO BE none other than Getting-Owned-By-Mettaton-Ville!" Mettaton laughed arrogantly.

"Oh, guys, there's something I forgot to mention." Asgore suddenly remembered. "It's actually Christmas this morning!"

"WHAT?! CHRISTMAS?!" the entire crowd gasped and cheered, going completely wild and pouring out of the room in a destructive stampede.

"Well, that escalated quickly." Alphys sighed.

"Yeah, I know, it's Christmas. So?" Sans asked nonchalantly.

"OOH, CHRISTMAS, CHRISTMAS, CHRISTMAS! The great Papyrus LOVES Christmas! LOVES IT, LOVES IT, LOVES IT, LOVES IT, LOVES IT, LOVES IT LIKE HE LOVES UNDMMPH! MPMMPH! MPMMPH!!!" Papyrus squealed with joy, with Sans being forced yet again to cover his mouth to get him to stop talking.

"But I wanted a Fluffy Bunny PLUSHIE!" Papyrus sat cross-legged on the floor and wailed. "If I had one of THOSE, then you would NEVER have to read me another bedtime story AGAIN!"

"He really does have absolutely no idea of what it's like to live with the outright horrifying mental torment that I have to go through on a daily basis, does he?" Alphys whispered to Sans.

"Nope!" Sans whispered back. "You just can't get any more mature than this...heh, heh."

"Anyway, you guys are going to need some winter gear." Asgore explained. "And thanks to Alphys' suggestions, I made sure to make all of your winter gear Mew-Mew-Kissy-Cutie-tastic!"

"Well, at least it's not Chris-Chan-tastic..." Alphys muttered as she slipped on the pinkly pink, chubby little cat-paw mittens as if they were rubber latex gloves.

"What the hell am I WEARING?" Undyne asked as she donned the ever-so-pink winter hat with big, fluffy cat ears.

"That's a good question, pal." Sans shrugged as he stepped into the adorable-kitten-faced (and also pink) boots and layered the cuddly, soft, furry, and did-I-mention-pink jacket over the badass gangster jacket that he was already wearing.

"EEE!!! THIS IS SO FREAKING CUTE, OH MY GOD, I CAN'T TAKE IT, HELP ME!!!" Papyrus squealed with joy as he slipped into the hot pink, fuzzy, tail-bearing pants.

"So, how do you think you guys look right about now, with the full MMKC winter outfit covering every single one of you?" Asgore snickered, trying his hardest not to burst out laughing as he took a snapshot of them on his iPhone and sent it to Toriel.

"Like a bunch of JOKERS, am I right?" Undyne laughed.

"You betcha!" Asgore chuckled, showing them the iPhone photo of what they looked like in their new outfits. "So, uhh...heh, heh...what do you think, guys?"

"This is undoubtedly the single most embarrassing moment of my entire life." Alphys gasped, fainting head-over-heels onto the floor.

"Aw, what's the matter? CAT got your tongue?" Sans winked at the audience, who suddenly laughed for some odd reason even though his joke clearly wasn't funny at all.

"SANS! Stop plaguing my life with incidental laugh tracks!" Papyrus sneered.

"What can you do about it? You're not even REMOTELY in CONTROL!" Sans laughed as his remote-controlled laugh track laughed with him.

"MAN, what a bunch of jokers!" Undyne laughed, prompting yet another pointless laugh track.

"Hey, DARLINGS, aren't you FORGETTING something?" Mettaton reminded them through Alphys' cell communication device. "I mean, yeah, sure, the lovely conversation between the four of you is certainly NICE and all, but don't you feel that you should be using the wonderful chemistry between yourselves for something a little more...oh, I don't know, what's the word, it seems to be right on the tip of my sexy tongue...THEATRICAL?"

"Like what?" Undyne asked. "Suplexing your stupid face into the ground like the piece of flamboyant trash it is?"

"EXACTLY!" Mettaton laughed. "That is, if you mean as in: ME suplexing YOUR stupid, ignorant face into the ground like the piece of flamboyant, egotistical ANIME trash it is! OWWWWWW!!!!!!"

"Alphys, come on, wake up, let's go!" Undyne urged Alphys, waking her up and holding her hand as the two of them, along with Sans and Papyrus approached the Barrier. "We've got a long, hard journey ahead of us!"

"That's what she said." Sans snickered.

"SANS!" Papyrus yelled at him. "D-do I look cute?"

"I dunno, you tell me." Sans chuckled.

"NYAH!" Papyrus meowed like a little kitten, with his eyes twinkling and his nonexistent cheeks blushing rosy red.

"EEEEEEE!!!" Sans squeaked, collapsing onto the floor from the sheer cuteness overload.

"NYEH HEH HEH HEH HEH! That's the second person who's fainted from how ridiculously adorable this outfit is so far! I, the GREAT Papyrus, wear it with PRIDE!" Papyrus laughed.

"Alright, this is it, guys." Asgore reminded them. "Are you guys ready?"

"I was BORN ready!" Undyne roared passionately, suplexing a large chunk of the air just because she could.

"I hope I freeze to death and die." Alphys sobbed, burying her head in her hands yet again.

"Ready when you are, Freddy." Sans chuckled.

"My name's not Freddy, it's PAPYRUS!" Papyrus yelled at him. "GET IT RIGHT!"

And so the four of them walked through the Barrier. Will they ever be seen again? Find out in the next trilling (yes, trilling) chapter of Alphys' Adventures!

Skiing Things

CHAPTER 4: SKIING THINGS

"Here we are." Alphys sighed as she, Undyne, Sans, and Papyrus beheld the glorious majesty of the morning view in the mountains of Philadelphia. "The second coldest freaking place I've ever been to."

"Ah, here it is." Sans sighed with relief. "The place I thought I had already given up forever on the notion of going to...looks like my true ambitions have finally been realized after all."

"Uhh...what exactly is so special about THIS? I mean, I, the great Papyrus, HAVE seen it before, you know." Papyrus pointed out, scratching his head.

"It's a beautiful day outside, don't you think?" Sans explained. "Birds are singing, flowers are blooming...and people up here on the surface simply will NOT shut the f*** up about our goddamned overrated video game for some reason."

"Well, at least the great Papyrus is POPULAR up here, RIGHT?" Papyrus shrugged.

"I'd rather be UNPOPULAR as opposed to FREEZING to death, if you ask ME!" Alphys groaned, rolling her eyes.

"Alphys, make up your freaking MIND! Are you suicidal, or AREN'T you?" Undyne asked her.

"I dunno, you tell me, is my SOUL half-empty, or half-FULL?" Alphys asked sarcastically. "OH MY GOD!!!" she suddenly shrieked in pain as Sans snuck up behind her and poured a huge glass of freezing-cold water down her back.

"Get DUNKED on!" Sans laughed.

"Now I can literally FEEL my sins CRAWLING down my freaking SPINE. Thanks a LOT for that, pal." Alphys joked sarcastically, clearly imitating Sans' style.

"Looks like a little bit of ME is rubbing off on YOU, ain't it?" Sans chuckled.

"Well-"

"GREETINGS, darlings! I can clearly see that you four all look absolutely RIDICULOUS as always! Do you get a lot of pussy-CAT with those getups? Anyhoo, do correct me if I'm wrong...but if I'm not mistaken, YOUR time for BLIBBER-BLABBER has LONG since expired!" Mettaton laughed as he used his jetpack propulsion device to fly up onto the top of the mountain and greet his longtime acquaintances; surprisingly, he was still in his box form and was also coincidentally wearing ski gear.

"What do YOU want, bonehead?" Sans asked him.

"Hmph! How RUDE and dare I say HYPOCRITICAL, Sans! You should be ASHAMED of yourself!" Mettaton laughed, flicking a robot booger at him. "That's NO way to greet a GORGEOUS, HANDSOME robot STAR such as myself face-to-FACE PANEL!"

"Hey, Papyrus, you wanna know how to make a tissue dance?" Sans chuckled.

"FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU-"

"Screaming is against the rules, my dear Skeletor FRIEND." Mettaton smirked. "Even if Sans' joke was a little...ON THE NOSE!"

"ALRIGHT, I HAVE OFFICIALLY CHANGED MY MIND! THIS IS OFFICIALLY THE WORST DAY OF MY ENTIRE FABULOUS LIFE!" Papyrus raged.

"Well, guess what, HONEY? This JUST SO HAPPENS to be the BEST day of MY entire FABULOUS life!" Mettaton jeered. "And what better way to kick off such a day...than an extreme HOVER-SKI RACE down the side of a mountain and through the largely de-FOREST-ed range surrounding it? Have FUN, cutie-toots!"

"Um...I don't want to insult YOUR HEINOUS or anything, but...don't we need SKI GEAR for this?" Undyne asked.

"Aren't you already wearing rather GORGEOUS sets of ski clothes, if I do say so myself?" Mettaton jeered. "Oh my, you really do look FABULOUS, my darlings! But just in case you adorable little dolts have somehow forgotten what you learned from practicing in Snowdin, allow me to demonstrate to you...how it's done!"

"Please don't turn into Mettaton EX, PLEASE don't turn into Mettaton EX!" Alphys begged him.

"WHY NOT?!" Mettaton moaned fabulously as he transformed into his drop-dead-sexy humanoid form, Mettaton EX, with the classic emo hairstyle and everything. "After all, my darlings, I'm just getting STARTED!" he teased his newest victims- I mean- contestants as he turned his back towards them with skintight ski suit in tow.

"Why, I daresay that this glimmering metal body of mine perhaps even feels as if I'm wearing...NOTHING AT ALL!" Mettaton EX jeered, shaking his booty at Alphys, who shielded her eyes with her hands in response.

"Are you okay, Alphys?" Undyne asked her.

"N-never before Mettaton EX h-has a robot, e-especially of my own c-creation, c-caused me to q-question my sexuality this m-much..." Alphys shuddered, trying to erase the imagery of Mettaton EX's scantily-clad butt from her mind.

"H-HEY! You trying to STEAL my girlfriend?! You son of a smartass BITCH! EAT SNOW!" Undyne yelled furiously at Mettaton EX, packing huge snowballs together and throwing them directly at him.

"Again, why NOT? I mean, after all, you ought to know that she is indeed my EX-girlfriend. It's in the name, after all." Mettaton EX laughed. "Sad, I know, but still true nonetheless."

"I hate to BUTT into your fascinating little conversation here..." Sans winked at the audience. "but does anyone happen to know where the nearest food joint is? I'm starving!"

"Who needs food joints when you can literally just straight-up eat food...RIGHT OFF OF MY JOINTS?!" Mettaton EX laughed, posing his legs in just about the hottest way imaginable.

"AHHH!!! MY EYES! THE GLASSES DO NOTHING!" Alphys screamed as blood sprayed from her eyeballs in the exact same manner as in any relatively NORMAL person's nosebleed.

"Wow, I think I might just have a legitimately real b-"

"DON'T. EVEN. GO THERE." Papyrus warned Sans. "People on the Internet are probably

WATCHING us right now, for all we know!"

"OF COURSE THEY ARE!" Mettaton EX laughed maniacally as Alphys and friends suddenly felt themselves being quite literally watched by the invisible cameras surrounding the four of them.

"In fact, would any of you care to BET how many people have seen you poor, misguided fools in your KITTEN PAJAMAS by now? Come on, seriously, I DARE you! I DOUBLE-dare you, motherf***ers! JUST GUESS!" Mettaton EX snickered gleefully.

"43 BILLION, I assume?" Alphys sighed.

"Well, not quite yet, but we're certainly GETTING there, aren't we?" Mettaton EX laughed, displaying a hologram of the number of people who had Alphys and friends in their absolutely ridiculous-looking new jackets. "I can definitely assure you that it's WELL over 9,000!"

"Heh...when I'm done with you, you're gonna be SCREWED about 35 billion different ways, pal." Sans muttered under his breath while Alphys just stood there, gaping in shock.

"Oh, one more thing, darlings...here are your skis." Mettaton EX informed them. "Your goal is to navigate all the way through this deadly skiing obstacle course with trees up the wazoo until you reach the finish line, and whoever reaches said finish line first will receive a simply MARVELOUS prize! Don't disappoint me, beauties! TOODLES!" he laughed, transforming back into his box form and flying off to the finish line.

"Well? What are you WAITING for, darling?" Mettaton teased Alphys through her cell communications device. "Aww, is little miss Kitty-Cat afraid of HEIGHTS? OWWWWWW!!! Oh, who am I freaking kidding, JUST GET ON WITH IT ALREADY!"

"Alright...here goes nothing." Alphys sighed. "You ready, Undyne?"

"You better believe it!" Undyne laughed. "I LIVE for this kinda stuff, baby!"

"And that's what worries me..." Alphys sighed.

"Aw, don't worry, it's her funeral, not yours." Sans told Alphys in an attempt to cheer her up. "I mean, it's not like YOU have a few nasty SKELETONS in your closet or anything..."

"SANS!" Papyrus yelled at him. "Let's get a MOVE on already! I'm so cold, I'm SHIVERING!"

"Alright, darlings, are you ready for some fabulous racing beauty?" Mettaton teased them. "On my sexily drawn mark! Get your body set! GO F*** YOURSELF!"

And so Alphys slid down the mountain, with Sans, Papyrus and Undyne right next to her.

"ALRIGHT! This is AMAZING! I haven't been THIS excited since the day that Alphys gave me CONSENT!" Undyne laughed with excitement, her ponytail blowing in the wind as she whizzed past the mechanical trees sticking out of the mountain's downward slope at about 95 MPH.

"Holy shit, I JUST realized that these things were rocket-powered..." Sans gasped, looking down at his skis as he teleported himself (and his skis) out of the way of each obstacle.

"Why is that a problem, Sans? Rockets make EVERYTHING awesome!" Papyrus laughed as he swerved right through a huge slalom of trees.

"How about you, Alphys?" Undyne asked as she hit a ramp-shaped rock formation and briefly flew

into the air.

"I must not fear, fear is the mind killer, fear is the little death that brings total oblivion..." Alphys mumbled to herself upon realizing that the mountain was almost as tall as Mount Everest; her life was already beginning to flash before her eyes as her and her friends rapidly descended closer and closer to ground level at terminal velocity on their skis. Also, she was shivering.

"ALPHYS?" Undyne asked. "You're not DAYDREAMING about me again, are you?"

"O-okay, d-don't p-panic! R-remember what Sans s-said!" Alphys stammered, breaking out into a cold sweat as a thought bubble containing Sans appeared right behind her.

"If you keep going the way you are now, you're gonna have a bad-"

Suddenly, without warning, Alphys' vision of Sans was interrupted at the worst possible moment by a mental image of Undyne shaking her booty while wearing Mettaton EX's ski suit.

"Feels like I'm wearing...nothing at all! Nothing at all! NOTHING AT ALL!" Undyne teased her, with the thought bubble zooming in closer and closer on Undyne's butt until Alphys could practically taste it; all Alphys could do in the meantime was stare awkwardly behind her in a very fourth-wall-breaking manner.

"GAH! Stupid sexy Undyne!" Alphys cringed as the thought bubble finally disappeared; unfortunately, however, she accidentally split her legs a bit too far apart on the skis.

"OH, GOD, MY LEGS!" Alphys wailed in pain. "THIS IS THE WORST PAIN EVER- DOH! DOO! OW! OOF! OWWWWWW-HOW-HOW-HOW-HOWWW!!!" Alphys cried as she was hit right in the crotch by several strategically placed tree stumps in a row.

"HA HA! Looks like Alphys' dirty little secret involving Undyne is beginning to SNOWBALL!" Mettaton laughed on his public television broadcast as Alphys lost her footing and tumbled directly onto the slope of the mountain, where she began to roll up into a giant snowball.

"HA HA! What a pathetic, incompetent fool!" Barack Obama laughed in the White House while eating potato chips in his polka-dotted pajamas.

"I hope we never grow up to be fatass losers like HER!" a pair of West Virginian kids laughed in their trailer home while drinking lard out of a straw.

MEANWHILE IN AFRICA...

"We could have EATEN that snow, you know!" a group of kids in Africa yelled angrily as Alphys accidentally urinated into the snowball that she was trapped in.

MEANWHILE IN RUSSIA...

"I feel really bad for that poor little girl, she's such a damned sweetheart." a poverty-stricken old woman in Russia sobbed, chugging down half of an entire bottle of vodka.

"Oh, don't feel too bad about it, it's just comedy!" her equally poverty-stricken husband chuckled, chugging down the other half of an entire bottle of vodka.

MEANWHILE IN PARIS...

"Ooh la LA! Take THAT, feminazis!" a pair of gay French men laughed. "One of these days,

somebody oughta shove a BAGUETTE up your stinky asses! Now EXCUSE us while we return to FRENCH-kissing each other. Oh, and also eating snails. That too."

MEANWHILE IN TOKYO...

"OOO! THIS SKIING SHOW IS VERY FUN AND EXCITING! WOW! OH MY GOD! IT IS AMAZING! HOLD ME! HOLD ME, WAIFU ALPHYS! I CREAM MY PANTS!" an overexcited, pillow-hugging Japanese nerd fangasmed over the fact that he was seeing Undertale characters in real life.

MEANWHILE IN SPAIN...

"Hmph! She has the looks of a fiercely attractive stallion, but the brains of an unwashed mule." a Spanish matador with rather questionable taste in women laughed snootily at the local bar.

"That's a GIRL?!" the guy sitting right next to him gasped.

MEANWHILE BACK WHERE WE FREAKING STARTED...

"OH, BOY! Looks like Papyrus is now running backwards atop the enormous snowball that Alphys has become! WHAT THE- HE'S EVEN STEERING IT! HOW IN THE HELL IS HE EVEN DOING SUCH AN INSANELY BEAUTIFUL THING?!" Mettaton gasped.

"Um, okay, this does NOT look good here, um..." Sans stammered with fright as he levitated Alphys' snowball over a big line of tree stumps.

"ALPHYS! You still alive in there?" Undyne asked Alphys, ducking under a low tree branch and spreading her legs out to avoid yet another tree stump as she and Sans weaved and bobbed their way through the thick formations of trees and landmines in the forest.

"Hey, Undyne!" Mettaton greeted Undyne through Alphys' cell communications device. "Alphys isn't going to last much longer in there before she becomes a...DORKSICLE! OWWWWWW! Therefore...do you think you can throw her as far as you can trust her?" Mettaton asked.

"A LOT farther, to put it LIGHTLY." Sans shuddered, noting that the last leg of the course was suspiciously devoid of obstacles. "Papyrus, get on my back!"

"Yes, sir!" Papyrus obeyed as Sans levitated him onto his back.

"Okay, good to hear, Undyne! Have a nice day knowing that your dorky little butt-buddy is about to be fried into a dainty little crisp by laser beams right up ahead!" Mettaton laughed, revealing the anti-lizard laser grid trap that he had set up at the end of the course.

"WAIT! NO, I DIDN'T SAY THAT-" Undyne screamed as Mettaton hung up. "GODDAMN YOU, YOU SON OF A BITCH! ERRRAUUUGH!" Undyne yelled furiously as she lifted Alphys into the air, struggling while doing so despite the sheer strength of her arms.

"Papyrus, get on my back!" Sans commanded Papyrus.

"Yes, sir!" Papyrus obeyed as Sans levitated him onto his back.

"JEEZ LAWHEEZE, ALPHYS, WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU EAT?!" Undyne wailed from how hard she was straining herself. There was no response.

"Looks like you've done her a real FROZEN solid!" Mettaton jeered as Undyne furiously hurled

Alphys all the way over the laser grid and to the finish line.

"Oh my, it looks like everyone else is going to die now, whatever shall they DO?! Oh, of course, the laser grid of death only affects lizards. Damn it, I KNEW I shouldn't have bought the CHEAP brand! Remember, folks, ALWAYS buy MTT-brand products!" Mettaton chuckled as his audience laughed along with him.

"So, how was the RIDE?" Mettaton smirked, pointing his microphone toward Undyne and her friends.

"I have NEVER wanted to kill someone THIS much before, sir. If you were organic, I'd rip your f***ing intestines out, use them as a jump rope, and then feed the rest of the guts to the wolves because that's just how much I freaking HATE them." Undyne scowled at him.

"My GOODNESS, Undyne, this is a FAMILY show! Now be a good lady and stand still the next time I try to murder you, okay?" Mettaton laughed. "How about you, skele-bros?"

"Okay, we've got exactly two things to say regarding you. First of all, you're a freaking WEIRDO!" Papyrus sneered.

"Second of all...look, buddy, I don't know what's gotten into you, but if you don't knock it the hell off, I'm afraid I'm going to have to slam you 86 different ways from Sunday until you literally start to wish that your mother had never even been born. Howsaboutit?" Sans chuckled.

"Umm...o-k-k-kay!" Mettaton shuddered. "Hey, my wonderful audience! Let's see if Undyne can BREAK THE ICE with Alphys! Wink, wink! Nudge, nudge!" he snickered.

"My God, could this day POSSIBLY get ANY worse?" Papyrus sighed.

"OH MY GOD, NO, NO, NO, NO, GOD, PLEASE, NO!" Undyne gasped in shock as she dug out all the snow surrounding Alphys, revealing Alphys' body, which had been frozen into a cartoonish ice cube. "WHY, OH GOD, WHY?!" she collapsed onto her knees and sobbed, burying her head in her hands.

"My, MY, would you look at THAT? TALK about CHILLY reception, am I right?" Mettaton smirked as Undyne stood back up and snarled at him. "And now for the grand finale of today's episode, ladies and gentlemen! The fabulous...the gorgeous...the HANDSOME...METTATON EX!"

"Not gay...NOT gay..." Papyrus stammered nervously as Mettaton EX made his second entrance.

"Don't you know how drama shows WORK? The heroes ALWAYS find a way OUT of whatever's TROUBLING them, regardless of how DEMEANING it may be! And who could be a more perfect fit for the role of the big damned hero than ME?!" Mettaton EX laughed, giving Papyrus the middle finger. "Not so great NOW, ARE YOU, Pappy?"

"It just got worse..." Papyrus sobbed.

"Watch me as I melt this ice in the most FANTASTICALLY, PHANTASMICALLY, ORGASMICALLY beautiful method ever devised by mankind: with my GORGEOUSLY long and slender LEGS, Of course!" Mettaton EX laughed as he activated the thermal heat generators on his legs and sexily rubbed them against the frozen Alphys-cube.

"Oh goodness, this is making my HEART melt like a socially awkward, bespectacled little POPSICLE! How SAD! Oh, boo hoo! BOO FREAKING HOO!" Mettaton EX jeered sarcastically

as he melted Alphys back to normal with his legs.

"Wow, this guy's freaking NUTS!" Undyne whispered to Sans.

"You JUST NOW realized that?" Sans groaned.

"He's also BOLTS too!" Papyrus snickered as Mettaton EX finally finished unfreezing Alphys, causing her to collapse onto the ground unconscious.

"DING! NERD IS DONE! I sure hope you boys enjoy eating your best friend COLD! SO LONG, SUCKERS! Oh, and did I forget to say TOODLES!" Mettaton laughed, transforming back into his box form and flying away to recharge his batteries (which only took about one minute with him).

"Alphys! Wake up!" Undyne begged the unconscious Alphys, cradling her in her arms and shaking her until she was awake.

"U-U-Un-d-d-dyne...P-P-please t-t-take m-m-me s-s-some-w-w-where w-w-warm..." Alphys stammered, shivering intensely from how cold she was. A few seconds later, she passed out in Undyne's arms.

"Come on, guys. It's time for us to find some shelter." Undyne sighed as the four of them set out on their journey.

Let It Snow

CHAPTER 5: LET IT SNOW

The on-foot journey of Undyne, Sans, Papyrus and Alphys through the open, forested wilderness to the urban center of Philadelphia was a very long one. So long, in fact, that Mettaton created a montage of all the long, painful, introspective hours that the four of them were forced to walk alone through the freezing cold woods during.

"Greetings, beauties!" Mettaton greeted everyone in his television broadcast. "Today, I'm going to be singing a beautiful song for you fine, fabulous folk...not that I ever DON'T, am I right?"

"I'm sure you all are wondering exactly what the song of the day is going to be, aren't you?" Mettaton smirked. "Well, fear not, my beautiful friends, because I've decided to pick a song that is amazingly suitable for Christmas! And by pick, I mean blatantly rip off while still getting away with it thanks to my recent licensing deal with Disney."

"Now, as I'm sure you all may have expected, it just so happens that the original song's name is none other than Let It Go...but just for publicity's sake, I'm going to rename my parody of said song to Let It Snow and then sell it as a bonus feature on my upcoming music album!" Mettaton explained.

"It'll be available to everyone who types the password FROZENSUCKS within the next 42 hours, because, after all, you know we can't do this all day, now can we? And so, without further ado, HERE WE GO!" Mettaton finished, showing everyone his latest music video.

"The monsters came from the mountain today, gazing out at everything." Mettaton sang as the video showed Alphys and friends climbed out of the Barrier atop Mount Ebott.

"A kingdom of roads and buildings, and it looks like I'm the king." he sang as the video showed them gazing out over the truly massive landscape of present-day Philadelphia.

"My ego's howling like this swirling storm inside; couldn't keep it in, heaven knows I've tried." he sang as the video showed him transforming into his drop-dead-sexy EX form and showing off.

"They looked so dumb, I had to jeer. For all I know, they'll kick me in the rear." he sang as the video showed him mocking the ludicrous cat outfits that Alphys and friends were wearing.

"Of course there's only one way down the mountain now." he sang as the video showed Alphys and friends beginning to ski down the mountain.

"Let it snow, let it snow; who cares if some people die?" he sang as the video showed Alphys being hit in the crotch with several tree stumps and then rolling into a snowball.

"Let it snow, let it snow; kiss your dearest friends goodbye!" he sang as the video showed Undyne throwing Alphys' snowball across the laser grid at the end of the course.

"In the end, it's a jolly good show; let the press rage on...wherever I am is where neon glows." he sang as the video showed him melting the ice surrounding Alphys' frozen-solid body with his quite literally hot legs.

"It's funny how some distance makes everything seem small." he sang as the video showed Undyne trekking across the open forest wilderness with Alphys in her arms while the skeleton brothers

followed along behind her.

"And you keep going even when...there is no hope at all." he sang as the video showed Alphys contemplating suicide over (and also by) the open campfire.

"Determination still holds true...despite the fact that your team sucks!" he sang as the video showed Alphys attempting to cook instant noodles over the campfire without using a pot.

"And if you want my autograph...five bucks!" he sang as the video showed Sans poofing out his pockets to show that there was absolutely no money in them whatsoever.

"Let it snow, let it snow; even if you break the rules." he sang as the video showed Sans hijacking a taxi and slamming the driver's skull against the dashboard while Undyne impaled him with a spear, prompting Papyrus to eat a plate of spaghetti with the driver's eyeballs in it while Alphys, Undyne and Sans feasted on the rest of him.

"Let it snow, let it snow; at least you aren't fools!" he sang as the video showed Sans commanding the GPS system to take them to the nearest hotel with his mind.

"In the end, it's a jolly good show; let the press rage on." he sang as the video showed them driving across the Benjamin-Franklin Bridge and realizing that Mount Ebott had actually been located in New Jersey all this time.

"I am the greatest robot superstar who ever lived!" he sang as the video showed his EX form moonwalking across Abbey Road.

"And for this Christmas day, I'll give you all the greatest gift!" he sang as the video showed him riding through the sky in a rocket-powered sleigh as colorful presents rained down onto the city below, reminding everyone that it was actually the night before Christmas.

"And if you think that my show will not be a blast...go buy my calendars, stop living in the past!" he sang as the video showed an advertisement for his MTT-brand automated calendars.

"Let it snow, let it snow and I'll rise like the star I am!" he sang as the video showed him flying through outer space and leaving a beautiful sparkly rainbow trail behind himself in the process.

"Let it snow, let it snow; I'll shower you with ham!" he sang as the video showed him shattering every single window in Australia's Sydney Opera House into pitifully miniscule pieces with his absolutely godlike singing voice.

"In the end, it's a jolly good show; let the press rage on...wherever I am is where neon glows." he sang softly as the video ended with the starry night sky of Philadelphia being filled with a simply gorgeous rainbow made out of Mettaton-shaped fireworks.

"T-that...w-was...s-so...b-beautiful..." Alphys gasped, her jaw still wide open about ten minutes later, even after everyone else in the hotel room had already gone to sleep.

"Alphys, for the love of spaghetti, he's the BAD guy, remember?" Papyrus reminded her while sleeping in bed.

"YEAH, Alphys, REMEMBER? OWWWWWW!!!" Mettaton chortled.

"I just really don't want to kill such an amazing performer..." Alphys sobbed, burying her head in her hands.

"I don't want to have to kill genocidal maniacs either, but you know...they're freaking GENOCIDAL MANIACS." Sans reminded her.

"Very well, then..." Alphys sighed as Papyrus tucked her into Undyne's bed with a hug and a kiss...except that skeletons can't kiss people, so he really just accidentally bonked his head against hers.

"Looks like that knocked her out...COLD." Sans chuckled as everyone fell asleep and awaited the next day.

"Hmph...if it's a show they want, I'll GIVE them a show." Mettaton EX smirked, peeking through the window to make sure that everyone was asleep.

"My plan is already coming together like the absolutely DELICIOUS ham-and-cheese sandwich I am! Goodness, this is such a WONDERFUL turn of events! The fame...oh, the glorious fame...I can almost TASTE it!" Mettaton EX cackled, licking the window for dramatic effect.

"WHAT? A GLORIOUS star like myself isn't allowed to give his resident city's windows a little SPIT-SHINE every now and then? BLASPHEMY, I SAY! NOW I SHALL SPIT ON YOU!" Mettaton EX laughed, hocking up a motor-oil loogie and spraying it all over the screen of the camera that just so happened to be recording him in his live broadcast at the moment.

"GOODNIGHT, EVERYONE!" Mettaton EX laughed, sticking his tongue out and then flying away to prepare for the astonishingly massive new day ahead of him.

Death By Glamour

CHAPTER 6: DEATH BY GLAMOUR

The next morning, Alphys and friends woke up with an invitation to attend Mettaton's biggest show of all time as volunteers.

"Are you sure we should be doing this?" Alphys asked.

"Well, I mean, at this point...it's not like we have a choice." Sans sighed.

"Yeah, let's SMASH him up!" Undyne laughed.

"I, the GREAT Papyrus, will shower everyone in the audience with flowers and kisses!" Papyrus laughed.

"F*** that, Columbo, let's shower him with SPEARS!" Undyne laughed, brandishing her spear as the four of them walked out of the hotel and took the taxi to the location where Mettaton's show was taking place.

"WOWIE! It's right in front of the Philadelphia Museum Of Art!" Papyrus squealed with joy.

"More like the Philadelphia Museum Of Us Whooping Mettaton's Shiny Metal Ass!" Undyne laughed.

"If by WHOOPING, you mean BITING, then yes. OWWWWWW!" Mettaton laughed through Alphys' cell communications device.

"Up yours, douche-face!" Sans chuckled, gasping with amazement as he finally finished driving his team to their destination and saw the sights that the locale had to offer.

As if the Philadelphia Museum Of Art didn't already look EPIC enough, it was now covered from head to toe with neon Christmas lights and even had an enormous, three-story-tall statue of Mettaton EX holding a colossal, two-story-tall, rainbow-diamond disco ball atop its roof.

And yes, the disco ball was also active.

"I hate to say this, but...we're gonna have a GOOD time." Sans chuckled as him and his friends approached the main plaza in front of the museum, with thousands of people surrounding them as lasers of brilliant light began to shoot out of the disco ball.

"Oh, no..." Alphys sighed.

"OHHHHHHHH, YESSSSSSSS!" Mettaton EX moaned orgasmically, blinding every single person in the general area with a massive flash of light as the disco ball opened up and he came out and descended sparkingly onto the plaza, standing right in front of his longtime adversaries, having them right where he had wanted them all along.

"We've all seen you on the field of battle and emotional struggles before, darlings...but now, let's see how good you are on the DANCE FLOOR, shall we? You beauties had better step your game up or else I'm afraid you're all going to face DEATH...death by GLAMOUR, no less!" Mettaton EX laughed as both him and all four of Alphys' team members suddenly went into another dimension entirely.

"W-where are we?" Papyrus wondered, looking around at the blank emptiness around himself.

"I think a better question would be WHEN are you going to GIVE UP?" Mettaton EX smirked. "I have transported not only myself, but also all four of you pathetic little cretins into an entire DIMENSION dedicated SOLELY to music videos! Do you know what this means?"

"Umm...that no one except us is even able to see us?" Sans snickered.

"Oh, believe me, they CAN see you! You'd better BELIEVE it!" Mettaton EX laughed. "Through the process of interdimensional broadcasting, I have made it so that EVERYONE on this entire PLANET is able to see us right now, and our performance is NOT going to disappoint!"

"What if it does and your stupid ratings finally end up flopping like they honestly deserve to?" Undyne smirked.

"THEN I'LL DESTROY EACH AND EVERY F***ING LAST ONE OF YOU!" Mettaton EX yelled. "You wanna know WHY I brought everyone hustling straight to the plaza of the Philadelphia Museum Of Art just for this one show alone?"

"Umm...let me guess...because you installed a giant freaking IMAX projector with a screen size the height and width of the building itself on the front of the museum or some crazy shit like that?" Alphys asked sarcastically.

"Well, that too...BUT ALSO BECAUSE THIS IS ONLY THE FIRST MOTHERF***ING ACT! I HOPE YOU'RE READY FOR WHAT COMES NEXT, BEAUTIES! DANCE OR DIE, BITCHES!" Mettaton yelled valiantly as if he was uttering a battle cry.

"BORN IN A WORLD OF STRIFE!" Alphys yelled, striking a Ginyu Force pose.

"AGAINST THE ODDS!" Sans yelled, striking another Ginyu Force pose.

"WE CHOOSE TO FIGHT!" Undyne yelled, striking yet another Ginyu Force pose.

"BLOSSOM DANCE!" Papyrus yelled, striking the gayest pose of them all.

"Um, Sans? I think you might need to have a little talk with Papyrus." Undyne suggested.

"Nah, I'm used to it, let's just pretend it never happened, alright?" Sans chuckled.

"This music video will represent, and also manifest itself directly from...your inner thoughts, your inner struggles, your inner compassions...and, best of all, HOW YOU WILL FREAKING DIE. GOODBYE, MY DARLINGS!" Mettaton EX laughed maniacally.

And so the REAL dance battle finally began.

<http://youtu.be/2TgO-tN5wAM>

As the intro to Mettaton EX's theme song began playing, the entire lives of each character suddenly flashed before their eyes. And they were already dancing. It felt like the entire universe had unfolded itself around them, like they had just discovered the true meaning of life.

"READY, DARLINGS?" Mettaton EX asked them, striking a pose.

"Do you like my real form? Are you sweating, Alphy-poo?" Mettaton EX sang, twirling around and around like a ballerina while stage lights blared in the background.

"I created you and I can just as easily BREAK you!" Alphys sang back, pointing fiercely at Mettaton EX in a courtroom scene straight out of Ace Attorney.

"Yeah, I know you're just a bot, but don't be so immature." Sans sang, throwing his arms out beside him in an I JUST DON'T CARE look as a huge crowd of New Yorkers shook their heads in agreement behind him.

"Stupid little punks like you should learn the meaning of glamour!" Undyne sang, brandishing her spear and charging straight forward as the entire Royal Guard Army followed behind her.

"Mettaton is here to stay, to kill you all and reign supreme!" Mettaton EX laughed, stretching his arms out to the sides and firing laser beams from his hands, which Alphys and friends just barely managed to duck under as he spun around, deforesting a rather large woodland area.

"I guarantee that you'll never win! You're outnumbered by my team!" Alphys sang, reassembling her entire team into the classic Ginyu Force pose as the hyperspace warp effect from Star Wars covered the entire area around them.

"Can you hear my cheering fans? They're telling me you have no chance!" Papyrus sang, swinging a whip made out of spaghetti attached to a fork while the gates of Dracula's Castle slowly opened up behind him.

"News flash, little skele-bro: you don't even have any fans!" Mettaton EX sang, showing him a newspaper with PAPYRUS HAS NO FANS as the headline while giant MLG horns played behind him.

"Though I may not look like much, I'm more badass than you for sure!" Sans sang, summoning his Gaster Blasters as Hell itself blazed in the background.

"The general consensus is: you're cowardly, and a cur!" Papyrus sang, dabbing MTT-brand beauty yogurt behind his nonexistent ears as the Flying Spaghetti Monster summoned its spaghetti army behind him.

"You're a useless stupid tool, and you would dare call ME a fool?" Undyne sang, throwing her spear at Mettaton as the Royal Guard Army threw theirs at him in unison.

"Well, just remember: after we're done, you're gonna meet your fate!" Mettaton EX sang, firing homing missiles at Alphys and friends, who somehow managed to backflip right over them as explosions filled the background.

"Now...it's time...to lay your weapon down." Sans sang, winking as the message DON'T TRUST HIM was literally written all over the background behind him in various colors.

"If...I did...I wouldn't rule this town." Mettaton EX sang, exchanging laser blasts with Sans as various videos of the infamous Genocide Run boss fight against Sans filled the background.

"I...programmed...you just to entertain!" Alphys sang, brandishing a wrench in her arms as a classical painting of the birth of Adam (in this case, Mettaton) filled the background behind her.

"I'm...the brawn...but Alphys is the bra-a-a-a-ain!" Undyne sang, giving Alphys a bundle of flowers while random images of the pairing between her and Undyne filled the background.

"My power is like nothing you've ever seen; I am warning you now, I am wolverine-mean!" Sans sang, his eyesockets suddenly going blank as trees withered and burned in the background.

"If...you had go through what I do all the time, suicide wouldn't seem like so much of a crime!" Alphys sang, holding a bag of dog food and quivering in terror as the amalgamated remains of the test subjects of her infamous determination experiments surrounded her.

"I am handsome and strong, yet I'm innocent and nice; but if you doublecross me, you're paying the price!" Papyrus sang, donning his famous COOL DUDE outfit while numerous cameras snapped photos of him in the background.

"And I will not give up without putting up a fight; and when you're finally crushed, it'll be quite a sight!" Undyne sang as she and all three of her other main team members interlocked into a vicious fight against Mettaton EX for the final outro of the song while every single event of their game of origin flashed before their eyes yet again.

The music video finally ended, and there they all were again, standing right there on the entrance plaza of the Philadelphia Museum Of Art, with Mettaton EX kneeling on the ground, completely exhausted.

"Heh, looks like we really kicked his ass when we ganged up on him there!" Undyne laughed.

"Nearly all of my experiments have been utter disasters. And that also includes you as well, doesn't it? Poor thing..." Alphys sobbed gently.

"Maybe we just need to feed him some SPAGHETTI to make him feel better!" Papyrus chuckled.

"Hush, hush, everyone." Sans silenced his friends, summoning invisible joy buzzers onto both of his hands and approaching Mettaton EX, seemingly unassumingly.

"Hey, look, pal...I know you might be a little bit...intimidated by my presence here...you know, knowing how insanely powerful I am and all. But...would you mind giving me a little handshake? For old time's sake?" Sans winked at Mettaton EX, holding out his hands in an offer for Mettaton EX to grab them and pull himself back up onto his feet.

"Do you SERIOUSLY think I trust YOU?" Mettaton EX spat. "YOU? The freaking PRANKSTER of the bunch? The one who used to always deliberately hide how powerful he actually was?"

"Come on, buddy, I'll take you for ice cream and give you a hundred bucks if you just take my hands!" Sans promised him, trying not to laugh in the process.

"BOTH of them? REALLY?" Mettaton EX groaned. "Do I really have to grab BOTH of them for Christ's sake?"

"If we're really friends...YOU'LL DO IT." Sans threatened him, eyesockets suddenly going empty again as an indicator that Sans was, indeed, DEAD serious.

"Very well then...if you insist..." Mettaton EX sighed, reaching out and grabbing Sans' hands.

"CNXMZMVJFNBKGLTIYOUFPNSBRIVNSHGNFUGBYJDKSHSUAKAOQHSSU!!!" Mettaton EX screamed at the top of his lungs as he was electrocuted by both of Sans' joy buzzers at the same time, rendering him unconscious.

"OH MY GOD! IS HE OKAY?!" Alphys screamed. "PLEASE, METTATON, DON'T DIE ON ME, PLEASE!" she broke down and sobbed.

"Oh, don't worry, he's FINE! Just had a little, uh...ACCIDENT in his crotch area." Sans explained, blushing quite a lot as he pointed at the bleeding heart symbol between Mettaton EX's legs.

"Uhh...I c-can explain..." Alphys blushed and laughed awkwardly as everyone stared at her, starting to seriously wonder what was wrong with her.

"Alphys, back away! The big toy man is moving and it doesn't look very happy with you!" Papyrus warned Alphys, who backed away accordingly as Mettaton involuntarily transformed back into his box form.

"HIEVERYONEIMMETTATONANDITSNICETOSEEEVERYONETODAYHOWAREYOU!" Mettaton sprung right up off of the ground and rambled at a ridiculously fast word-processing rate as the sheer amount of electrical overload in his circuits suddenly brought him back to life!

"For the love of Neptune, just freaking DIE already!" Undyne groaned.

"Here we go again..." Alphys sighed, facepalming.

Standing Up For Himself

CHAPTER 7: STANDING UP FOR HIMSELF

"Greetings, everybody!" Mettaton greeted his massive audience with a bow. "Today, I'd like to test our newest lucky contestants with a certain special thing I like to call...20 TRIALS!"

"In 20 Trials, two individual team members, preferably close friends or siblings, must perform outrageous tasks randomly suggested to them in no particular order by me. Don't worry, it's a lot less agonizing than it sounds." Mettaton explained.

"What's in it for US?" Undyne asked him. "Am I gonna have to ram my fricking SPEAR up your ass again, or are you just gonna spill the beans already?"

"Oh, don't worry, my darling, it won't be anything TOO out of the ordinary." Mettaton laughed. "In fact, it literally won't even BE anything at ALL!"

"You cheap little bastard!" Sans growled.

"I, the Great Papyrus, need to at least have some SPAGHETTI from time to time!" Papyrus sneered angrily.

"Papyrus, you make spaghetti all the time." Sans reminded him.

"I meant as in GOOD spaghetti." Papyrus finally admitted, shrugging his shoulders.

"Okay, everyone, are you ready? LET THE GAMES BEGIN!" Mettaton beckoned to them.

"Since you lovely underground-folk appear to be divided into two widely differing individual duos of people, I have therefore decided to give out 10 Trials for each duo! GOOD LUCK, BEAUTIES!" Mettaton laughed.

"Sans and Papyrus! YOU'RE UP FIRST, MY DARLINGS!" Mettaton called for the skele-bros as they both approached him to hear what he had to say.

CHALLENGE #1

"OKAY! FIRST CHALLENGE!" Mettaton explained. "Sans and Papyrus must go to the local comedy club and perform some good old classic stand-up in front of a live audience! Need I remind you darlings that no less than literally ALL of these challenges must be performed in front of a massive live audience?"

"Oh, brother..." Sans sighed.

"Grr, I HATE puns!" Papyrus groaned. "I hate them almost as much as I hate losing, and you know how much I HATE losing, don't you!"

"Save it for another time, pal." Sans sighed as the two of them drove their taxi to the nearest comedy club and hurriedly wrote themselves scripts for each other. However, little did Papyrus know, Sans had secretly swapped his OWN script with Papyrus' surprisingly less embarrassing one at the last minute!

"Oh man, this is gonna be SO freaking good..." Sans snickered to himself as the show began.

"Um...Sans, I really don't feel comfortable doing this." Papyrus sighed nervously.

"Papyrus, you can't back down on a brother promise. I'm your brother, and you promised me; so therefore, it is a brother promise." Sans explained, causing the crowd to chuckle a little in response. "Now get in there and make me proud!"

"Ugh, FINE!" Papyrus shruggged, approaching the microphone with Sans' script in hand while Sans tried his hardest to keep a straight face despite the fact that his face was clearly locked in a perpetual skeletal grin.

"Umm...AHEM...is this thing even on?" Papyrus asked, checking to make sure that everyone in the audience could hear him speaking. "Well...alrighty then, here goes nothing, I guess...um...hello, everyone..."

"Uh...you know how when you boil spaghetti, it goes...SOFT?" Papyrus asked the audience, obviously reading off of Sans' script. "Well, you make my spaghetti...HARD...?!"

"SANS, THIS IS HUMILIATING!" Papyrus yelled furiously at him, crumpling Sans' script into a ball, throwing it on the floor, and bolting straight out of the building in frustration, causing the entire audience to bust out laughing as Sans collapsed onto his hands and knees.

"No, wait, come back! You're-you're doing GREAT!" Sans laughed hysterically; if he hadn't been a skeleton, he would've been in tears from laughing so hard.

"Well, uh...heh...that's alright, cause I didn't even need a script in the first place." Sans winked at the audience, almost every single member of which happened to have a crush on him.

"OH MY GOD, SANS, CAN I BONE YOU?!" some rabid, frothing, hyperactive Sans fangirl in the front-row seats squealed, trying to break free of Sans' telekinetic grip on her so that she could quite literally pounce onto him and shower him with kisses.

"How about I bone YOU instead, miss?" Sans chuckled, throwing a bone straight at her forehead and knocking her out cold.

"The only thing colder than how cold I just knocked that bitch out would have to be Philly during the wintertime, am I right?" Sans snickered as the audience laughed with him.

"Tell me about it..." Alphys shuddered, shivering despite the fact that she was in an incredibly thick jacket.

"HEY! WHO LEFT THE DAMNED FRONT DOOR OPEN?! CLOSE IT OR FACE MY UNBRIDLED WRATH!" Undyne roared furiously.

"Anyway, as I was saying, that reminds me...I just realized, just now, that I really cannot trust ANY of my team members on this fantastical journey of mine!" Sans chuckled.

"Damnit, he needs to learn one of these days that it's MY adventure, not HIS." Alphys sighed.

"Don't worry, you'll probably get your chance to have a larger role in this story someday." Undyne reassured her, patting her on the back.

"I mean, first of all, Papyrus is a freaking MANCHILD. I mean, granted, I do love him, he is my brother and all that jazz...but I mean, for crying out loud, he can't even go to SLEEP at night without ME reading something along the lines of Peekaboo With Fluffy Bunny to him! No, really, that's actually the REAL freaking name of one of his books!" Sans explained to the audience.

"For the love of God, man, seriously, what's next? Am I gonna have to freaking feed him applesauce with a goddamned SPOON and say HERE COMES THE FRICKING AIRPLANE?!" Sans ranted for comedic effect as the audience laughed with him.

"Second of all, Undyne is freaking INSANE!" Sans shuddered. "If you try to give her food, she says she'd rather pry it from your cold, dead hands! Literally every time she tries to cook, she puts so much goddamned brutality into it that she literally burns her entire freaking HOUSE down!"

"Whenever she gets into a fight with you, even if it's about something as simple as a disagreement with you regarding which anime you prefer over another, she'll be all over you like a f***ing SPEAR ORGY! Almost half of the people she's talked to have been shish-kebabled at some point or another, let me tell you!" Sans chuckled as the audience laughed a bit with him.

"Wow, am I really that freaking terrifying?" Undyne gasped.

"Girl, you don't even know the damned HALF of it." Alphys snickered, remembering the secret determination experiment that she had performed on Undyne at some point in the past.

"And last but not least...ladies and gentlemen...I present to you...ALPHYS!" Sans beckoned, calling Alphys up onto the stage to volunteer.

"W-wow, w-what a terrific a-audience!" Alphys stammered nervously, going back into the audience area and sitting back down in her seat next to Undyne.

"Anyway, since her crippling social awkwardness causes her to take a CRIPPLINGLY long time to actually SAY anything, allow me to paraphrase: this girl is straight-up freaking MENTAL. I'm not even joking around this time, this shit is the REAL deal." Sans explained.

"She scrawls the names of random people in the margins of her notebooks. She contemplates suicide constantly as if it's just some stupid fricking everyday action like brushing her eyeballs or shaving her tongue!" Sans chuckled.

"She's so obsessed with anime and her girlfriend...yes, I just said HER girlfriend...that for f***'s sake, she might as well be literally freaking surgically attached to BOTH of them at this point!" Sans snickered.

"Am I not surgically attached to you already, fishy-poo?" Alphys teased Undyne.

"You're really scraping the bottom of the fish barrel, you know that?" Undyne warned her.

"And OH, MY GOD...you guys ain't even GONNA believe what I'm about to reveal next...um, guys? You listening? Alright, here goes..." Sans shuddered, using the local projector to display a group photo that Alphys once took of herself standing with her Amalgamates while holding a bag of dog food and sweating nervously.

"Well, technically this image is fanart, and it was actually made not by me, but by some random dude named ffSade on Deviantart, but, uh...guys? Where the hell did you all go?" Sans asked.

"Dude, you freaking scared them off without even threatening acts of violence upon them! I am SO damned jealous of you!" Undyne squealed fangirlishly.

"Well, that was certainly something..." Alphys sighed.

Spooky Scary Skele-Bros

CHAPTER 8: SPOOKY SCARY SKELE-BROS

CHALLENGE #2

"Alright, so...for budgetary reasons, it has recently been called to attention that I need to drastically decrease the length of each individual challenge." Mettaton explained. "In my opinion, this will make much more quick and to-the-point, as well as funnier."

"Sans, I've got a bad feeling about this..." Papyrus shuddered.

"Oh, don't worry, pal it's not going to be something utterly rid-"

"I'm sorry to have to tell you this, Sans, but your next challenge is going to be utterly ri-DICK-ulous INDEED!" Mettaton snickered. "I am demanding that you two suck each other's c***s!"

"Alright, now THIS is just absolutely ri-god-damned-dickulous!" Sans snapped at him.

"Hey! I just used that joke! NO FAIR!" Mettaton cried as Sans and Papyrus immediately attended to sucking the delicious AIR into their mouths.

"Well, that was a bust! Anyway, NEXT challenge!" Mettaton explained.

CHALLENGE #3

"Alright, now you have to perform Drop Pop Candy for the millionth time in the past month...while wearing your Mew Mew Kissy Cutie jackets!" Mettaton giggled, prompting Sans to let out a sigh for another day the same as the last.

CHALLENGE #4

"Now see which one of you two can stack more Philly Cheesesteaks on top of the other's head!" Mettaton laughed, showering each of them with twenty cheesesteak sandwiches.

"NYEH! My ego has its own gravitational PULL, does it not?" Papyrus chortled, stacking 19 Cheesesteaks on top of his head horizontally with the help of some volunteers and a ladder.

"Sorry, pal, but you're just not quite on my LEVEL yet!" Sans winked at the audience, stacking 20 Cheesesteaks on top of his head vertically...with his freaking MIND.

"W-WHAT?! T-THAT'S CHEATING!" Papyrus gasped in shock.

"Well, what can I say? Cheaters beaters, losers weepers." Sans chuckled.

CHALLENGE #5

"Now fly like Superman!" Mettaton commanded the skele-bros.

"HNNNGH!!!" Papyrus grunted, straining both his nonexistent muscles and his willpower as hard as possible...and not even moving an inch off of the ground.

"Sure thing, bucko!" Sans chuckled as he used his levitation powers to fly all the way across the city and back in about 20 seconds flat, causing the jaws of both Papyrus and the entire audience to

drop straight to the ground.

"So, uh...what'd I miss?" Sans snickered, giving Papyrus a tissue to wipe the tears from his sobbing, jealous eyes with.

CHALLENGE #6

"Now place MTT-brand advertisement flyers for The Sans & Papyrus Show onto every single building in Philadelphia, one for each!" Mettaton commanded them, providing the skele-bros with two backpacks loaded with the aforementioned publicity flyers.

"Don't worry, pal, we ain't even gonna break a SWEAT. I've got this whole thing nailed down PLACE-TO-PLACE!" Sans chuckled, loading both backpacks onto himself and using his powers to instantaneously teleport to every last building in Philadelphia and then back to the museum, where he slapped the last one onto Mettaton's face.

"IN YOUR CALCULATOR FACE!" Sans laughed as Mettaton just stood there, utterly stunned speechless just as the rest of the audience already was.

"Damnit, Sans, why must you ALWAYS hog all the glory?" Papyrus sighed.

"I guess you could say...Gaster always loved me best." Sans explained, his eyesockets turning empty and black again.

CHALLENGE #7

"Now you must blatantly rip off a world-famous pair of Internet superstars!" Mettaton commanded Sans and Papyrus.

ONE HOUR LATER...

"Alright, here's the very first video of our brand-spanking new Let's Play series on Undertale." Sans chuckled, displaying it on the museum projector.

"Hey, I'm Grump!" Sans' head sang with a JonTron wig, flying in from the left side of the screen.

"I'm Not-so-Grump!" Papyrus' head sang with an EgoRaptor wig, flying in from the right side of the screen.

"And we're the Bone Grump-"

"THIS VIDEO HAS BEEN REMOVED UNDER MULTIPLE CLAIMS OF COPYRIGHT INFRINGEMENT, NAMELY FROM EGORAPTOR AND JONTRON." YouTube informed them.

"HEH! Serves us right for copying off of two of the greatest men in Internet history!" Papyrus chortled as Sans knelt down and prayed to the gods that Egoraptor and Jontron might someday allow him and Papyrus to legitimately become the new Game Grumps.

CHALLENGE #8

"Get hit by at least one attack!" Mettaton commanded Sans and Papyrus, attacking Papyrus in the process.

"OW, what the heck was THAT for?!" Papyrus yelled at him irritably.

"Did I mention that I FREAKING WANT YOU TWO DEAD?!" Mettaton laughed maniacally, facing toward Sans as he summoned several machine guns, a flamethrower, eight bubble guns, two missile launchers, three baskets of Alphys' dirty socks, and five sawblades from his mechanical body, aimed them directly at Sans, and unloaded all of them simultaneously.

"Guess what? YOU MISSED!" Sans laughed, having teleported all the way over from the plaza to the front door of the museum, RIGHT before Mettaton's attack landed.

"What good is all that fancy attack power if you can't even hit anything, Mr. Genocidal Maniac Magoo?" Sans taunted him. "Come on, seriously, just TRY and hit me."

"I FREAKING GIVE UP!" Mettaton collapsed onto the ground and sobbed. "TLL NEVER BE ABLE TO DEFEAT THAT FRICKING SMUG ASSHOLE!"

"Hey, there's nothing wrong with being a smug asshole, you know! In fact, from my experience, it's actually kind of FUN!" Papyrus encouraged him.

"He's right, you know." Sans told Mettaton, teleporting back to his location. "Honestly, name ONE person who doesn't have a little bit of smug-asshole in him. Or HER, for that matter."

"You talking to ME?" Alphys asked curiously.

CHALLENGE #9

"Sans, tell Papyrus something you've wanted to tell him for a long time!" Mettaton giggled.

"CALL yourself The Great Papyrus again!" Sans threatened Papyrus, tackling him onto the ground. "CALL! YOURSELF! THE GREAT PAPYRUS! AGAIN! I DARE you, I DOUBLE-DARE you, my friend, CALL yourself The Great Papyrus ONE more goddamned time!"

"But...I'm...great!" Papyrus stammered.

"GO ON!" Sans commanded him.

"I'm PAPYRUS!" Papyrus cried.

"Are you as great as you SAY?" Sans asked him.

"NO!!!" Papyrus wailed, quivering with fear.

"Great, that's all I needed to know, thanks." Sans chuckled, taking Papyrus' hands, pulling him back up, and giving him a pat on the back.

CHALLENGE #10

"Now for your FINAL challenge!" Mettaton informed Sans and Papyrus, wheeling himself into the spot right in front of the museum's staircase and displaying what appeared to be a quiz on the projector. "If you two would be so kind, darlings, I think it's about time we played a little game of TRUTH OR DIE! Not yet sponsored by the Supreme Court or any of its relatives."

"QUESTION #1! What color is Alphys' bra?" Mettaton asked.

"A: Blue? B: Yellow?

C: Pink? D: Red?"

"Uhh..." Sans blushed awkwardly, looking behind him to meet the gaze of Alphys, who formed her hands into the shape of a C while all of the guys crowding around her commented on how big her

breast size must be, prompting her to kick their teeth in with a stoic "HMPH!"

"C?" Sans chuckled.

"CORRECT-A-MUNDO! RIGHT AS TITS ON A SUMMER DAY!" Mettaton cheered, showering Sans with fake confetti while Papyrus crossed his arms and scowled jealously.

"ALPHYS! Do my eyes decieve me?" Mettaton gasped as Alphys shot him the middle finger. "This is a FAMILY show! Now stand still while I publicly humiliate you."

"QUESTION #2! Who is the ugliest monster in this question?" Mettaton asked.

"A: You? B: Snowdrake's Mother?

C: Reaper Bird? D: Lemon Bread?"

"Umm...judging from your despicable personality, I'd have to say A! NYEH HEH HEH HEH!" Papyrus laughed.

"DAMNED RIGHT!" Mettaton cheered, showering Papyrus with fake confetti. "ON TO THE NEXT QUESTION!"

"QUESTION #3! What major fetish does Alphys secretly have?"

"A: Sthenolagnia? B: Podophilia?

C: Menophilia? D: Robophilia?"

"P-PLEASE D-DON'T A-ANSWER! I-I'M T-TOO S-SWEATY! I CAN'T B-BREATHE RIGHT NOW! H-HELP ME! S-SAVE ME! P-PLEASE!" Alphys flopped down onto her chest, grabbed Sans' ankles, and begged like a dog; she looked as if she was about to literally melt from sheer embarassment if the correct answer was chosen.

"Y-you know what?" Sans chuckled. "I have no idea what the f*** half of those even mean, so I think I'm just gonna go with all of them!"

"OHHHHHHHHH, YESSSSSSSS!" Mettaton moaned. "Oh, and did I mention she is also complete, absolute ANIME TRASH? Allow me to explain all of the above answer choices, along with my aforementioned addition as well as many of her other disturbing and bizarre kinks, in one thoroughly detailed yet professionally concise speech."

ONE MINUTE LATER...

"NO! NO! NO, THIS ISN'T HAPPENING! THERE'S NO REASON TO GO ON! I AM GARBAGE! I AM ACTUAL FISH-F***ING GARBAGE!" Alphys writhed on the ground and screamed, her entire body glowing red and sweating literal buckets as Mettaton smugly imitated the movement of someone's mouth flapping with his hand.

"Don't you think you're overreacting a bit?" Undyne warned her.

"MAYDAY! MAYDAAAY!" Alphys screamed at the top of her lungs, placing the back of her hand over her head and fainting head-over-heels from how much Mettaton had just humiliated her; an ambulance shortly arrived to load her onto a stretcher and take her to the nearest hospital.

"Well, that was certainly something." Sans sighed, facepalming.

"Wow, Alphys really is a freaking WEIRDO, isn't she?" Papyrus shuddered.

"Gee, you THINK?" Sans replied sarcastically.

"AND NOW FOR THE FOURTH AND FINAL QUESTION! QUESTION #4!" Mettaton yelled dramatically.

"Please don't tell me it's-"

"Who does Mr. Papyrus have a crush on?"

"A: Alphys? B: Sans?

C: Asgore? D: Undyne?"

"OH, NO!" Papyrus gasped.

"Well, who do you have a crush on? Come on, don't be afraid to tell me, we're best friends! I won't hold it against you." Sans encouraged him, patting him on the back.

"Uh...nyeh heh..." Papyrus laughed awkwardly as he formed his hands into the shape of a-

"HA, JUST KIDDING, I ALREADY KNEW IT!" Sans laughed. "It's D!"

"NOOOOOO!" Papyrus wailed, covering his face with his hands and blushing intensely.

"Wow, deja vu!" Mettaton snickered. "See, Papyrus? I told you it was obvious. Even this fatass, lazy PRICK here figured it out!"

"Of course he would..." Papyrus muttered under his breath.

"WHAT WAS THAT?" Sans glared at him.

"Yes, indeed, he scrawls her name on the back pages of his coloring books. He names teddy bears and various other assortments of cuddly plush animals after her. He even writes stories involving the two of them BATHING together...in a bathtub FULL of lustrous, noodly spaghetti!" Mettaton snickered.

"Probability of crush: 101%. Margin for error: 1%." Mettaton concluded.

"Aw, who's a sweet little cutie-pie? Yes, you are! Yes, you are!" Undyne teased him, wrapping her arms around him and giving him a sweet bear hug.

"Aww, how CUTE!" Mettaton jeered. "Sorry, boys, but this segment of the show...has already ended! It's about time we MOVED ON from such petty INFATUATION matters, wouldn't you agree? Until next time, folks!"

Cooking With Alphyne

CHAPTER 9: COOKING WITH ALPHYNE

The next evening, Alphys recovered from her trauma, allowing her and her friends to return to the plaza of the Philadelphia Museum Of Art, where Mettaton was eagerly awaiting their arrival.

"Hello, beauties!" Mettaton laughed, pointing at Alphys and Undyne. "Boy, do I have some EXCITING challenges for YOU two, yes-sir-ree!"

"Oh, dear..." Alphys sighed.

"Oh, come on, I'm as strong as a freaking TANK! How bad could it POSSIBLY be?" Undyne laughed cockily.

CHALLENGE #11

"I want you two to literally sit together at the top of the tallest MTT-brand tree in the entire city and kiss each other!" Mettaton laughed. "In fact, I think I'll even WATCH just for old time's sake! Well, or perhaps just for the sake of getting to make the obligatory joke about it, whichever you prefer."

After climbing up a 40-foot-tall ladder and sitting on one of the very highest branches of the biggest and tallest tree in Philly, Alphys and Undyne gave each other the awkward love stare for about two whole minutes straight. Sans, Papyrus and Mettaton were all watching them through binoculars as various other people also crowded around them and did the same.

"Wow, it really is a beautiful day outside. Birds are singing, flowers are blooming. On days like this, douchebags like Mettaton...SHOULD BE BURNING IN HELL." Sans informed Papyrus.

"Sans, why must you be so violent? I swear to the Flying Spaghetti Monster, dude...one of these days, you're going to literally scare someone's SKIN off!" Papyrus warned Sans.

"Bro, that already happened to be a LONG time ago. In fact, did I ever mention that I was once a Dragon Ball Z character?" Sans told Papyrus.

"For crying out loud, would you two beauties just fricking SMOOCH already? You'd be doing the Undertale fandom a fabulous favor!" Mettaton groaned impatiently, waiting for Alphys and Undyne to finally get the whole kissing-in-a-tree thing over with.

"I want my damned money back!" some random guy in the audience complained.

"TOO BAD, DARLING!" Mettaton jeered as Alphys' and Undyne's lips began to slowly but surely approach each other.

"Any DAY now..." Sans eagerly told himself, zooming in further to get the perfect view.

THIRTY SECONDS LATER...

"MMMFFF!!!" Alphys and Undyne moaned, blushing deeply as their lips finally locked together.

"HA! GAYYY!" some other random guy in the audience jeered right before Sans threw a bone at him and knocked him out.

"HA HA HA! OH MY GOD, THIS IS UTTERLY PRICELESS! ALPHYS AND UNDYNE, SITTING IN A TREE! K-I-S-S-I-N-G! LITERALLY! I CAN'T FREAKING BELIEVE IT! THIS IS UNDOUBTEDLY THE ABSOLUTE GREATEST MOMENT OF MY ENTIRE BLAST-PROCESSED LIFE!" Mettaton laughed hysterically, wishing he was a rounder shape so that he could actually roll on the floor.

"So, what do you think?" Undyne asked.

"Wowwwwww..." Alphys moaned absentmindedly as her entire body once again turned red from head to toe, causing her to tip over like Humpty Dumpty and fall straight down into the inflatable swimming pool that Mettaton had luckily set up right below the tree.

"ALPHYS!" Undyne screamed, immediately climbing down the ladder as fast as she could.

Much to Undyne's dismay, the swimming pool hadn't actually broken Alphys' fall. As it turns out, her sheer weight, combined with the approximately 40-foot magnitude of the fall itself, caused the pool to pop like the literal balloon it was!

Not only were Alphys and her clothes completely drenched in freezing-cold Delaware River water, but she had also broken several of her bones in the process of hitting the ground.

"It's called a LADDER! USE IT!" Papyrus scolded her as Undyne finally reached the bottom of the aforementioned ladder and beat Papyrus over the head with it.

"Heh, looks like you just got DUNKED on!" Sans laughed.

"Me or her?" Papyrus asked, pointing at Alphys.

"Both!" Sans chuckled.

"Well, I suppose that was certainly ONE way to PLUCK a sweet little FRUIT from a TREE, am I right?" Mettaton jeered as he picked up Alphys in his arms. "Don't worry, my adorable, bloated little cupcake; I'll make you ALL better!"

"GAHH!" Alphys screamed as Mettaton scrunched her bones back together painfully.

"Oh, don't be such a baby. Here, have a Mettaton-shaped kiss for your boo-boos! Oh, wait; in my current form, I don't even have lips! YOU LOSE!" Mettaton laughed.

"You son of a- AUUUGH!" Undyne welped in pain as she attempted to punch Mettaton's metal body.

"Sorry, MI ARMOUR won't let you do that!" Mettaton jeered.

"Help...me..." Alphys sobbed.

CHALLENGE #12

"Now worship each other's feet!" Mettaton commanded Alphys and Undyne.

"Uhh..." Alphys and Undyne reluctantly stared at each other for a few seconds.

TWELVE SECONDS LATER...

"OHHH...(slurp)...YEAH...(rub)...I'M REALLY FEELING IT...(suck)...NOW IT'S UNDYNE TIME...(tickle)...TEE HEE HEE...(kiss)..." Undyne and Alphys moaned while the entire human

audience observed silently, with their mouths agape and their minds confused.

"SO UTTERLY DEGENERATE!" Mettaton laughed, eating popcorn while watching it happen.

"SO KINKY!" Papyrus snickered, pulling his binoculars out of his pocket.

"GIMME THAT!" Sans yelled at Mettaton, snatching the popcorn out of his hands. "BUY YOUR OWN GODDAMNED POPCORN IF YOU'RE GOING TO WATCH NASTY SHIT LIKE THIS!"

"FINE, then!" Mettaton snapped at him. "If THAT'S how it's gonna be, then I'll just make sure no one ever sees this AGAIN!"

"PLEASE DO." an audience member standing behind him suggested, leaning forward and puking into his spare barf bag.

CHALLENGE #13

"Now I want you two to make dinner and eat it together on this 10 o'clock evening's fabulous new episode of Cooking With Mettaton! Right here, right now! Chop, chop!" Mettaton commanded them, clapping his hands and triggering a mechanism that caused a stainless steel table to rise up out of the center of the plaza.

"So THAT'S what that shiny thing on the floor was..." Papyrus realized as Undyne and Alphys donned their cooking hats, provided to them directly by Mettaton, and stood in their designated positions behind the table. "I KNEW IT! I'M SO SMART! TEE HEE HEE!"

"So, uhh...w-what are we c-cooking today?" Alphys stammered nervously, knowing how abysmally bad Undyne always was at the subject matter.

"Shh...I'll answer that in a second, darling!" Mettaton whispered, patting her on the head.

"GREETINGS, everyone, and WELCOME to Mettaton's FAVORITE cooking show in the whole wide world: THE ONE! THE ONLY! COOKING WITH METTATON!" Mettaton cheered as the show's intro blared across almost every single active television screen in the United States.

"Would everybody PLEASE give a ROUND of applause to ALPHYS and UNDYNE, our OH-SO special GUESTS?" Mettaton continued cheering.

"Tonight is a night like NO other before it! Tonight, we are making the second-most FABULOUS dish in the universe, right behind Steak Shaped Like Mettaton's Face: THE ONE! THE ONLY! THE NOODLY! THE SAUCY! SPAGHETTI!" Mettaton cheered some more.

"YAY!!!" Papyrus squealed with joy, waving his "ALPHYS IS LOVE, UNDYNE IS LIFE" banner back and forth through the air as many other audience members did the same.

"Aww, just look at these little cutie-pies! Aren't they just SO adorable that you could literally just EAT THEM RIGHT UP?!" Mettaton crooned, pinching Alphys' and Undyne's chubby cheeks and smashing their faces together to simulate the two of them kissing each other.

"So, my terrific audience...do you REALLY think that THIS couple of filthy lesbian klon-DYKES is gonna succeed in the art of cooking? I'M putting MY money on NO-SIR-REE!" Mettaton jeered.

"At best, I'll bet that one of KIND OF knows how to cook while the other one literally doesn't even have the first clue what a DELICATE cooking procedure EVEN IS!" Mettaton laughed, causing Alphys to audibly gulp on live TV.

"COME ON! BRING OUT THE GOODS! I'M FAMISHED, I'M STARVING, AND IF I AM FORCED TO GO ONE MORE HOUR WITHOUT EATING ACTUAL FOOD, THEN I'LL JUST EAT YOU ALL ALIVE, HOW ABOUT THAT!" Undyne laughed maniacally.

"Um, Undyne? Please calm down. PLEASE." Alphys warned her.

"NOBODY TELLS ME WHEN TO CALM DOWN!" Undyne laughed hysterically, foaming at the mouth.

"Oh, dear..." Alphys sighed as Mettaton set the tools and ingredients down on the table for her and Undyne to work with.

"Alright, s-so...u-uhh...s-step o-one is..." Alphys stammered, pointing to the noodles.

"F*** STEPS! LET'S JUST DO THIS SHIT THE GOOD OLD-FASHIONED WAY: LIKE THE MOTHERF***ING ANIMALS WE ARE!" Undyne yelled like a banshee, snatching the linguine noodles out of the box, biting them in half, and forcefully throwing them into the pot.

"Uhh...heh...heh..." Alphys laughed awkwardly, breaking out into a cold sweat.

"My, my, what an AMAZINGLY sophisticated and REMARKABLY subtle FASHION of COOKING!" Mettaton jeered sarcastically, drinking pure salt out of a wine glass.

"Uh...okay, n-now f-for s-step t-two..." Alphys stammered, pointing to the sauce and tomato.

"UNDYNE SMASH PUNY TOMATO!" Undyne laughed as she punched the tomato so hard that it splattered all over the place and even got a little bit of itself onto Alphys' glasses...while Alphys was busy chopping the onions systematically and delicately.

"Like a good little girl, am I right?" Mettaton teased her.

"NYAH HAH HAH HAH HAH!" Undyne laughed as she grabbed the pot with one of her entire arms and stirred the sauce so hard that she knocked Alphys' entire cutting board, and basically everything else with it, right off of the table with the other (she was using a spoon, of course).

As Undyne stirred, Alphys was clutching the sides of her head with a very genuinely HOLY SHIT, WHY DID I EVER SIGN UP FOR THIS IN THE FIRST PLACE expression on her face.

"I must not fear, fear is the mind killer, fear is the little death that brings total oblivion!" the poor, innocent, ridiculously adorable bystander frantically whispered to herself in her mind until she quite literally could not take it anymore, and thus snapped at Undyne with all her might.

"NOTHING YOU'RE F***ING DOING RIGHT NOW IS WORKING! GIVE ME THAT GODDAMNED SPOON RIGHT NOW!" Alphys screamed at Undyne, attempting to leap up and snatch the stirring spoon away from her in a fit of suppressed rage.

"WAIT, Alphys! We're not CAVEMEN! We have TECHNOLOGY..." Undyne explained melodramatically, picking up Alphys horizontally with both of her arms.

"DERR! DERR! DERR! DERR! DERR!" Undyne grunted as she repeatedly slammed Alphys against the pot, with Alphys' sheer weight crushing the pot until it was only about half of its original height.

"WOW! Talk about a CAREFULLY-MADE dish of linguine!" Mettaton laughed as Undyne and Alphys stared introspectively at the finished product of their entire cooking session on live

television: a plate of cold and wet noodles, brown and withered herbs, and slimy sauce. Surrounded by flies, no less.

"Nice freaking JOB, Undyne." Alphys scolded her, trying not to jump onto her and maul her freaking face off in frustration.

"Hey, come on, don't blame ME! I'm not the one who thought up this crazy-ass work schedule, you know!" Undyne complained.

"Well, well, well. Tsk, tsk, tsk. Triple well. Triple tsk." Mettaton sighed. "Looks like today's contestants have indeed failed MISERABLY after all, just as I expected!"

"You silly, silly dearies! Don't you understand how cooking shows work? The spaghetti was already COOKED, you nincompoo-poops! Well, anyway, here's your consolation prize, you morons!" Mettaton laughed, handing them a standard-size serving of Chinese fast food with the words FOOK YOO printed on the containers.

"So, uh...any last words before I kick you two out of here?" Mettaton asked.

"I. FREAKING. HATE YOU." Alphys and Undyne both scowled at him in unison.

"That's the spirit!" Mettaton laughed, shoving the two of them into their taxi and giving the driver (Sans) ten bucks as a reward for his efforts before sending our four beloved anti-heroes on their way back to their hotel room. "Goodnight, everyone!"

The Undying

CHAPTER 10: THE UNDYING

The next morning, Alphys and friends drove back to the museum, anticipating that Mettaton would probably try something completely bonkers.

"So, did you two learn anything? Alphys? Undyne?" Sans asked Alphys and Undyne as the taxi neared its destination.

"No, but I was certainly REMINDED that Undyne freaking sucks at cooking." Alphys groaned, glaring at her.

"HEY!" Undyne yelled at her. "If you wanted good food, you should've just eaten out!"

"Heh heh..." Sans chuckled as the taxi reached its destination and the four of them filed out onto the plaza.

"Greetings, TRAITORS!" Mettaton laughed as the audience poured in around him, suddenly carrying torches, knives, pitchforks and sledgehammers.

"As punishment for your complete and utter FAILURE in the cooking challenge, I have decided to sic everyone in this entire crowd of laser-proof ROBOTIC people against you scoundrels! HASTA LA VISTA, assholes!" he snickered, retreating into his giant laser-proof disco ball and activating its laser-firing system.

"You'll NEVER take me, the great Papyrus, ALIVE!" Papyrus chortled, summoning his bone club and swinging it into one particular robot's head so hard that the head went right through those of several other robots behind it.

"Son of a bitch KNEW I was gonna use my Gaster Blasters for this, didn't he?" Sans suddenly realized as he telekinetically deflected a massive storm of thrown weapons back at their throwers and narrowly avoided a huge laser blast from Mettaton using his teleportation ability. "The truth is...all this fighting is really tiring me out."

"T-there's too many of them!" Undyne screamed, throwing spears every which way as more and more robots poured in from every single direction. "Every time I impale one of them, about a dozen more show up! We'll never be able to take all of them head on!"

"UNDYNE, LOOK OUT!" Alphys screamed, lunging into Undyne and shoving her out of the way just before Mettaton's laser blast. "OH, SH-

"HA! You think you can beat us THAT easily?" Sans laughed, teleporting in and blocking the laser with his psychic shield. "Alphys, hurry up and think of something or else we're all gonna DIE here!"

"If I have to kill ONE more thing today, I swear I'm going to CRY!" Papyrus sobbed as he planted his bone club into the ground and used it to perform a Matrix-style spin kick, sending the robots surrounding him careening all over the place. "YOU KNOW WHAT? I THINK I JUST OFFICIALLY CHANGED MY MIND! GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU DAMNED SOULLESS FREAKS!"

"I-I'm almost completely exhausted." Sans sighed, gasping for breath as Undyne shish-kebabled

several robots onto her lance and then suplexed them, backflipping out of the way of Mettaton's laser beam just in time as still more robots flooded the area.

"WHEE! MERRY-GO-ROUND TIME!" Papyrus sang as he spun around and around with his bone club held out in front of him, hitting everything in sight.

"Who is the master who makes the grass green?" Papyrus then rambled with stars spinning around his head as Mettaton prepared one more laser blast.

"PAPYRUS, NO!" Sans screamed, using the last of his energy to telekinetically change the laser's direction in mid-flight so that it bent at a right angle.

As Papyrus recovered from his dizziness, Mettaton tried to fire another laser beam...but couldn't. He had already exhausted his indestructible disco ball of doom's entire energy supply.

"DAMNIT! I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN THE CHEAP BRAND OF BATTERIES!" Mettaton growled, slamming his fist against the inside of the ball in frustration.

"Alphys, you just might be our last hope! DO SOMETHING!" Undyne warned Alphys, shaking her into focus.

"You know what? I think I've got a LITTLE something for you stowed away in my pocket here that just might save our precious HIDES indeed..." Alphys cackled, reaching into her pocket and pulling out her determination injector, which was somehow still half-full. Or was it actually half-empty? Nobody knew, and nobody cared.

"F***, NO!" Sans screamed in terror, grabbing her and yanking her by the back of her jacket collar. "Turning Undyne into another one of your freaking amalgamate monsters is NOT what I had in mind! How many goddamned times am I going to have to remind you about this?"

"Sans, come on, I've tested this before and it was seemingly successful...besides, do we REALLY have any other choice at the moment?" Alphys frantically explained to him as Papyrus' and Undyne's attacks began to weaken severely from physical exhaustion. "WELL? DO WE?!"

"Sigh...no, I suppose not." Sans sighed. "If this really means that much to you...who am I to try and stop such an INCREDIBLY strong and menacing figure like yourself?" he chuckled, letting Alphys go as she approached Undyne with injector still in hand.

"ALPHYS! Are you SURE this will WORK?!" Undyne begged to know as he sliced several robots into horizontal slices.

"I HAVE NO IDEA!" Alphys laughed maniacally, putting a downright scared-shitless look into Sans' eyes as she thrust the injector straight into Undyne's chest.

"W-what is this...power? It feels...AMAZING! OH GOD, IT FEELS LIKE I'M MELTING!" Undyne screamed, her heart suddenly kicking into maximum-determination overdrive as she diced several more robots into horizontal, vertical and diagonal fractals.

"WHAT HAVE I DONE?!" Alphys knelt down and sobbed, burying her head in her hands as memories of the Amalgamates raced through her tortured mind yet again.

"HA, LOOK AT YOU! I WAS JUST JOKING, YOU WUSS!" Undyne laughed. "I'M STILL YOUR OLD PAL UNDYNE...THE UNDYING!" she roared, charging into the horde of robots at light speed, swinging her spear and taking at least 150 of them out with one fell swoop.

Undyne then proceeded to shoot energy spears from her spear at a literally machine-gun-like rate, knock the broken pieces of robots all the way into outer space with the sheer power of her swings, take hits from sledgehammers without even flinching, and generally just be a completely unstoppable badass.

Sans, Papyrus, and Alphys were all forced to retreat into the museum building itself, so as to prevent being totally annihilated by Undyne's sheer power.

After a few minutes, however, the determination overload effect on Undyne wore off, and she reverted back into her normal state.

"Undyne, are you okay?" Alphys asked her.

"Yeah, just recovering from that insanely intense power trip I just had there." Undyne panted, struggling to recover her breath. "That was really fun! Can I do it again?"

"Uhh, how about...NO." Alphys chuckled, looking around at all of the destruction (not even of material property, just of lives) that had occurred around Undyne.

"Guess you could say you really...KICKSTARTED HER HEART!" Sans chuckled, slapping Alphys on the back with a proud (?) smile on his face.

"Hmph, I say, HMPH!" Mettaton sneered at them, coming back out of his disco ball and descending back onto the plaza to face them. "You may have beaten me for the time being, but just wait until you see what I've ARRANGED for you!" he laughed evilly as a cavalcade of police cars suddenly appeared around the entrance to the museum.

"Undyne, Sans, Papyrus, and Alphys, you are all under arrest." the police officers informed them, handcuffing the four of them and sending them off to court trials.

"Heh heh heh...I've never been in a court case before, but this oughta be FUN!" Mettaton cackled, drumming his fingers together metronomically. "I've already got a BEAUTIFUL rhythm going, don't I?"

Order In The Court

CHAPTER 11: ORDER IN THE COURT

"You have the right to remain...sexy." one of the officers teased Undyne as they dragged both her and the rest of her four-monster team into the courtroom, removing their handcuffs.

As was already expected, Mettaton was playing the role of judge in this court case.

"Hello, my darlings! I know you've been rather NAUGHTY lately, but you know what? I LOVE me some bad boys. Can't have a properly dramatic and exciting show WITHOUT them, now CAN you?" Mettaton smirked, even though he was STILL in his box form.

"CAN it, tin can!" Undyne sneered, prompting one of the officers to slap her in the back of the head.

"What could you POSSIBLY have that we DON'T?" Alphys begged to know.

"Hmm, let me think...you know what? I could easily name at least one major thing that each of you sorely LACK that I just to happen to HAVE!" Mettaton laughed.

"SELF-ESTEEM!" Mettaton yelled, pointing at Alphys.

"Hey, at least I still get by with a little help from my FRIENDS here! Do you even HAVE any REAL friends, Mettaton?" Alphys defended herself.

"HEY! Alphys, I'll have you know that I have PLENTY of FRIENDS! Just LOOK at all of the dedicated FANS I have thanks to my charmingly brilliant, hilarious and eloquent personality and my DASHING good LOOKS!" Mettaton argued.

"You seem to be confusing FANS with actual FRIENDS, my robot adversary. The former you have in SPADES, but the latter you are SORELY lacking!" Papyrus chuckled.

"Which brings me to a whole bunch of other extremely important qualities I happen to have that you four don't: MATURITY! TRUSTWORTHINESS! SELF-CONTROL!" Mettaton yelled angrily, pointing at Papyrus, Sans and Undyne.

"Hey, the only reason you can't trust ME right now...is because I'm not on your side." Sans growled, his eyesockets going black yet again.

"Anyway, since your four evidently lack the proper sum of cash to afford a proper LAWYER, I'm afraid I had to hire BURGERPANTS, of all people, as your lawyer for today!" Mettaton laughed as Burgerpants walked into the courtroom with a huge set of stitches on his forehead.

"You think you guys have it rough? Try working for THAT son of a bitch your entire life in a fast-food joint!" Burgerpants laughed, pointing his middle finger at Mettaton.

"But what about the whole important structure of defendants and plaintiffs?" Alphys asked Mettaton.

"What the f*** are you talking about?" Undyne muttered.

"Ah, yes, the plaintiffs! EVERYBODY GIVE A ROUND OF APPLAUSE TO BRATTY AND CATTY!" Mettaton laughed as Bratty and Catty walked in and took the plaintiff seats while

Alphys and friends took the defendant seats.

"We're like, SO totally hyped for the destruction of the defendants!" Bratty and Catty giggled as Napstablook floated in behind them.

"Aw, how CUTE! You brought my best buddy NAPSTABLOOK as your lawyer!" Mettaton laughed. "Way to add a bit of GHOSTLY atmosphere, if I do say so myself!"

"I'm really not feeling up to it right now. Sorry." Napstablook sighed.

"Okay! Without further ado...LET THE TRIAL BEGIN!" Mettaton laughed, slamming his judge mallet to signal that everything was finally ready. "I hope you relish this trial, for it shall be your last!"

"You know, personally, I prefer to relish my hot dogs." Sans chuckled.

"SANS!" Papyrus yelled at him.

"I WARNED YOU GUYS!" Mettaton yelled at the defendants, slamming his mallet yet again. "NOW you'll PAY for your INSOLENT! WITNESSES! CONFESS!"

"Those psychotic assholes hijacked a freaking taxi and ate the driver's BODY!" a male witness in the audience yelled, disturbingly without displaying actual evidence.

"Hey, we were just doing what was necessary to stop THIS psychotic asshole from turning Christmas into freaking EGOTISTMAS!" Sans yelled at the witness, pointing at Mettaton for clarification. "IRONICALLY, if there's ANYONE who ought to be ARRESTED right now, it's HIM!"

"ME?! Why, you should know by now that I've just been putting on a big SHOW this whole TIME, darlings! I never intended to actually KILL anyone!" Mettaton lied through his teeth.

"LOL! They should have baked his body into a delicious QUICHE!" Bratty and Catty laughed like the pair of stupid rat-creatures they always acted like.

"I don't even know what a freaking quiche is..." Napstablook sighed.

"Son, I've eaten a lot of nasty things in my lifetime, but there's one thing I can say for certain: MONSTERS DO NOT EAT FREAKING QUEESH! OR HOWEVER THE HELL YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO PRONOUNCE QUICHE!" Burgerpants yelled at them angrily, shaking his fist.

"It's KEESH." Papyrus informed him. "I'm pretty sure that that's also how you spell it, too!"

While Alphys was busy facepalming, the witnesses moved on to their next statement against her and her fellow defendants.

"That menophiliac foot-worshipping incident between Alphys and Undyne scarred my poor little darling for life, and now she's literally developed a fear of lesbianism!" a female witness sobbed, burying her head in her hands.

"Well, then, you shouldn't have taken your child to a graphic porno film." Mettaton sighed.

"Hey, at least we washed all the blood off of ourselves afterwards...right?" Undyne argued, glancing over at Alphys, who currently looked like a serial murderer.

"What can I say? I love having a little bit of your DNA on me!" Alphys laughed awkwardly.

"I need an adult." Sans gasped as the witnesses moved on to their next statement against him and his fellow defendants.

"They look WEIRD and they don't BELONG here!" one particularly racist male witness yelled.

"Now, now, isn't that a little...DISCRIMINATING?" Mettaton snickered.

"Not if you're a straight nigga like me." Sans chuckled.

"Or a skinny, noodly white boy like myself!" Papyrus chortled.

"Or a fat, retarded, bespectacled pile of neckbearded, basement-dwelling weeaboo SCUM like ME!" Alphys sobbed.

"Or a dirty, foul, uncouth lesbian SLUT like me!" Undyne laughed uproariously, slapping Alphys on the back.

"Damn, and I thought I was a stereotype..." Burgerpants gasped.

"OMG, we LOVE being dumpster-diving, festering f***wads who'll never amount to ANYTHING in our entire lives!" Bratty and Catty laughed maniacally.

"All this talk, and I'm just sitting here...being a ghost." Napstablook sighed.

"ENOUGH OF THIS!" Mettaton yelled, transforming into Mettaton NEO, which was like Mettaton EX except with bat wings and an arm cannon. "IT IS NOW TIME FOR THE GRAND FINALE! COURT IS IN MOTHERF***ING SESSION, BITCHES!"

"Is that the cheesiest line you've got?" Sans chuckled.

Tennis For Two

CHAPTER 12: TENNIS FOR TWO

"JURY! WHAT IS YOUR VERDICT?" Mettaton NEO asked the jury.

"GUILTY! GUILTY! GUILTY!" the entire jury unanimously confirmed.

"DOYOU SEE WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO DEMONSTRATE TO YOU ALL THIS TIME NOW? CRIME DOESN'T PAY, ASSHOLES!" Mettaton NEO yelled at the defendants, who reflexively cowered under the table as Mettaton NEO fired a huge volley of homing missiles from his wings, completely annihilating Burgerpants into gory, bloody pieces.

"Oh my god, they killed Burgerpants!" Papyrus gasped.

"You BASTARDS!" Sans sobbed, burying his head in his hands. "I loved that man so much...he put way too much ketchup on my burgers when no one else would. Good times, good times."

"METTATON WINS. FLAWLESS VICTORY. FATALITY." the jury chanted as the back of Mettaton's personal jumbo jet (shaped like his box form, with the face pointing down toward the ground) crashed right through the front of the courtroom.

"This is it, Alphys! Come with me!" Mettaton NEO laughed, summoning a pair of tennis rackets into his hands and tossing one of them to Alphys as the two of them climbed onto the top of the massive jet, which happened to have a tennis court situated in the middle of it.

"Where in the hell do you idiots think you're going?!" Undyne yelled at them, brandishing her spear threateningly.

"I'm taking Alphys on a GUIDED TOUR of all the reasons why she never should have created me in the first place!" Mettaton NEO chuckled as the jet took off, leaving a Mettaton-shaped trail of smoke in the air as the jaws of every single person in the courtroom systematically dropped.

"Ha ha ha..." Mettaton NEO laughed as the plane rose into the air, with him and Alphys standing on opposite sides of the court. "So, what do you think of my airplane? AWESOME, no?"

"I think a better question is WHY ARE WE PLAYING TENNIS ON TOP OF A FREAKING AIRPLANE?!" Alphys yelled at him.

"BECAUSE WE CAN." Mettaton NEO smirked, firing another volley of missiles at Alphys, who lunged out of the way just in time.

"What do you want from me?" Alphys growled angrily, glaring at him as she got back up onto her feet.

"Listen, my dear mother figure. You see, the truth is...I've wanted to rule the world for years. So, naturally, I simply FIGURED that the last obstacle remaining between me and achieving that phenomenally ambitious goal...WAS YOU! And your stupid FRIENDS, of course!" Mettaton NEO spat, horizontally swinging out a laser beam from his arm cannon.

"HOLY SCHNIKES!" Alphys screamed, ducking under the laser beam just in time before it could slice her head clean off. "What the hell's gotten INTO you?!"

"Oh, but isn't it obvious? I've been waiting SO long for someone to finally get it! I've ALWAYS been like this! EVER since you decided to turn me into a ROBOT!" Mettaton NEO smirked, launching one of his high-heels out and attempting to roundhouse-kick Alphys right in the face.

"HA! I already KNOW all your TRICKS, my dear SON!" Alphys chuckled as she leaned backward in slow-motion at the last split-second, right before the heel hit her.

"EXACTLY! Don't you realize what it's LIKE to have to perform the same DAUNTING tasks every single waking DAY, just for the sake of providing people with pointless ENTERTAINMENT? To feel like nothing more than a faceless MARKETING tool?" Mettaton NEO asked her.

"B-but...I thought you LOVED that! I thought you said you couldn't get ENOUGH of it!" Alphys gasped in shock.

"Again, EXACTLY! I quite literally CAN'T get enough of it! And that's EXACTLY why I, just to feed my perverted curiosity, shall now DESTROY you in a climactic game of tennis, loaded to the brim with all the thrills, wonder, drama, bloodshed, excitement, and various other big buzzwords you could ever desire!" Mettaton NEO laughed maniacally.

"Wow, do you EVER shut up?" Alphys sighed, rolling her eyes.

"Why SHOULD I? There'll be plenty of time for YOU to talk when you're ROASTING IN THE BURNING DEPTHS OF HELL ITSELF!" Mettaton NEO yelled valiantly as he made the first serve, sending the ball (which was made of pure energy) flying straight at Alphys' face.

"WHY DO YOU HAVE TO DO THIS?!" Alphys begged to know as she blocked her face with the racket and pushed it out in front of her, sending the ball flying off to the side of the court.

"BECAUSE I CAN!" Mettaton NEO laughed, hovering over to where the ball was heading and deflecting it back to Alphys with a fittingly backhanded swing.

"BULLSHIT! YOU JUST WANT FAME AND ATTENTION!" Alphys yelled at him furiously, sending the ball straight back to him with yet another backhanded swing.

"WELL, PERHAPS ALL THAT GLITTERS IS GOLD AFTER ALL!" Mettaton NEO laughed maniacally, lunging forward and lobbing the ball up into the air.

"THIS IS FOR SAYING THAT!" Alphys yelled valiantly as she leaped straight up into the air and slammed the ball straight into Mettaton NEO's narcissistic, egotistical face.

"N-NO! IT CANNOT B-BE! W-WHAT...HAVE YOU D-DONE...T-TO MY...B-BEAUTIFUL...F-FACE?" Mettaton NEO moaned in agony, reverting into his EX form as his internal systems malfunctioned and he collapsed onto the ground unconscious.

"M-METTATON! P-PLEASE WAKE UP! PLEASE!" Alphys begged him, running over to him and shaking him frantically. "P-PLEASE DON'T...D-DIE ON ME...M-METTATON!"

The plane somehow automatically landed right at the nearest perfect spot for a funeral, with Alphys carrying Mettaton EX's body in her arms, sobbing gently while doing so.

"So, is the bastard finally DEAD or what?" Sans asked, parking his taxi and running over to her as Undyne and Papyrus followed.

"I...d-don't k-know..." Alphys sobbed. "Please leave me be for a few minutes. I need some crying-

in-the-corner-like-a-bitch time to myself."

"Uh...what's crying-in-the-corner-like-a-bitch time?" Papyrus asked.

"Figure it out yourself." Undyne sighed as Alphys proceeded to quite literally cry in the corner like a bitch.

In Honor Of Mettaton

FINAL CHAPTER: IN HONOR OF METTATON

"Geez, are you done crying in the corner like a bitch yet?" Sans asked.

"My spaghetti's getting cold!" Papyrus complained.

"You mean cold-er." Undyne snickered.

"Just...j-just give me a few more seconds..." Alphys begged them.

TWO MINUTES LATER...

"Alright, I think I'm done now." Alphys sighed, carrying Mettaton's body to the admission counter.

"Hello, sir, we'd like four tickets to arrange and attend a funeral for this poor, unfortunate soul here..." Alphys stammered awkwardly.

"OH MY GOD, IS THAT METTATON?!" the ticket salesman gasped. "YOU ALL GET FREE TICKETS! FREE TICKETS FOR EVERYONE! WAHAHAHAHA!" he laughed maniacally, collapsing onto the ground and bawling his eyes out.

"Well, that was certainly something..." Alphys sighed as she and her friends walked into the graveyard where the funeral was to take place.

A FEW HOURS LATER...

Billions of people from far and wide tuned into Mettaton's dying TV channel to see what could quite possibly be his very last show as hundreds gathered around to witness the funeral itself; all four of the main protagonists (yes, even Alphys) were dressed in fancy tuxedos.

"Hey, can I make a fart joke?" Sans whispered to Papyrus, snickering.

"NO!" Papyrus whispered loudly.

"Cue the piano solo." Alphys instructed Undyne as the piano solo began, with Alphys kneeling on the ground and cradling Mettaton in her arms, still reluctant to finally set him down into his coffin and let him rest in peace.

"My...my mother risked her LIFE for me...and now you, too." Alphys sobbed, remembering how she had almost died from several of her own craptacular experiments when she was little.

"I...I should have SPARED you." Alphys admitted, hanging her head in shame.

"Oh god, she is SO about to COMPLETELY f*** this entire thing up, I can already FEEL it in my BONES!" Sans shuddered.

"I agree with you so much that I'm not even going to reply to you." Papyrus replied, causing Sans to facepalm.

"I should have been the one to fill your dark SOUL with LIIGGGHHHTTT!!!" Alphys wailed at the top of her lungs, her voice suddenly cracking so ludicrously that almost every single person witnessing the event ended up laughing their asses off rather than actually feeling bad for her.

Sans and Papyrus were both utterly speechless, proceeding to facepalm in unison as pretty much everyone else watching did the same.

"Alphys, seriously, what the f*** was that?!" Undyne scolded her, unable to continue playing the piano due to how utterly cringeworthy Alphys' performance of an already corny line was.

"GOD-AWFUL, that's what it was!" Sans yelled at her.

"AGREED! And I usually never agree with you on ANYTHING!" Papyrus sneered.

"Let's KILL her for bringing SHAME upon Mettaton's LEGENDARY name, what do you say, boys?!" a random member of the surrounding audience yelled as all of them pulled out torches and pitchforks.

"Go ahead and kill me! I have NOTHING left worth LIVING for anyway!" Alphys cried, curling up into a ball and shaking in terror as the mob drew closer and closer to her.

"DARLINGS! DARLINGS, FOR THE LOVE OF METTATON, PLEASE STOP THIS RIGHT THIS INSTANT!" a familiar voice commanded everyone.

"Oh my god...is that..." the entire crowd gasped, dropping their weapons as the adorable little ghost that had been dwelling within Mettaton's mechanical body revealed its equally adorable little face.

"Yes, yes, save the obsessive fanboying and fangirling for later." he chuckled. "Indeed, it is I, Mettaton, and I have something to say to all of you."

"Does it involve beer and hookers?" Sans chuckled.

"It had better involve ME!" Papyrus snarled.

"You see, I know it may seem like I have done some truly atrocious things to these poor unfortunate monsters over the course of their adventure, and perhaps I have...but, you see, I wasn't really trying to kill them. I was simply putting on a show to make all of you happy...even if my methods were a little on the extreme side." Mettaton explained.

"A LITTLE?!" Undyne yelled furiously at him. "For f***'s sake, you wouldn't know SUBTLETY if it freaking tore apart your entire goddamned body and built you a new one!"

"T-THAT'S IT!" Alphys gasped as a lightbulb suddenly went off in her head. "I CAN JUST REBUILD HIM AFTER ALL! I mean, I do have the technology, right?"

"Of course, my darling, and you are welcome to do so any time you please. Anyhoo, goodbye, everyone!" Mettaton smiled as he flew off into the sunset, leaving the message I LOVE YOU ALL written in the sky.

"Aw, c'mere, old buddy, old pal!" Undyne laughed, giving Alphys a bear hug as Sans and Papyrus gathered around the two of them for a nice big group photo.

THE NEXT MORNING...

Sans, Papyrus, Alphys, Jack Black, and Undyne were all gathered together right in front of the front door of the Philadelphia Museum Of Art, where the real highlight of their adventure had begun in the first place thanks to Mettaton.

More importantly, all five of them had musical instruments in hand. Sans had the microphone,

Undyne had the electric guitar, Jack Black had the acoustic guitar, Alphys had the bass guitar (and side vocals), and Papyrus had the drum kit. As always, their music video was being automatically produced and displayed on a giant f***ing IMAX screen.

People and monsters had gathered from all around to watch this concert in honor of Mettaton's unwavering brilliance, and they were all seriously hoping that it would not disappoint.

In fact, Asgore himself could clearly be seen in the front row of the audience, with his wife Toriel standing right beside him.

"Hey, assholes, would you mind moving to the BACK row so that we can SEE these guys a little better?!" several people in the audience yelled at the two of them.

"Oh, quiet down, you can see it just fine!" Asgore growled at him.

"Dear, dear, please respect other people's feelings!" Toriel encouraged him.

"Okay, okay..." Asgore sighed as Sans took the stage.

"Greetings, everyone. It's been a long, hard, and very fabulous journey for the four of us. We have also temporarily lost a very dear friend of ours. As I'm sure you all know, his name is Mettaton." Sans explained.

"That's me!" Mettaton smiled, watching the concert on his TV in heaven.

"Therefore, we decided: what better way to celebrate the passing of a badass musical entertainment star than to provide you guys with some thoroughly badass musical entertainment?" Sans chuckled.

"We stole- I mean, borrowed- this song from Tenacious D about five minutes ago. I guess you could say we've got...tenacious determination!" Sans snickered.

"GOD DAMNIT, SERIOUSLY, JUST MAKE THAT YOUR FREAKING BAND NAME ALREADY, WOULD YOU?!" Asgore yelled at him.

"JUST DO IT!" everyone else agreed with him.

"Anyway, just so you know, this song definitely lives up to its name. It's called Master Exploder." Sans winked as the REAL finale of this beautiful story finally began.

http://youtu.be/fA4mVS0u_uo

And so the song began, with Jack Black stroking his acoustic guitar rapidly while Alphys just modestly stood there and played the backing notes for much more prominent parts of the song on her bass. A few seconds later, Undyne began shredding out a badass solo on her electric guitar, and that's basically how the entire song went from there.

"AHHHHHHH-AHHHHHHH-AHHHHHHH-AHHHHHHH-AHHHHHH-AHHHHHH-AHHHHHH-AHHHHHH-AHH-AHH-AHH-AHH-AHH-AHH-AHH-YEAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH, YEAH!" Sans bellowed epically through his microphone, causing it to spontaneously combust and explode.

"I DO NOT NEED! (He does not need.) A MICROPHONE! (A microphone.) MY VOICE IS F***ING! (F***ing.) POWER-FULLLLLLLLLL!" Sans sang as the entire audience stared and gaped in jaw-dropping amazement.

"AWWW, YEAH!" Sans

bellowed so powerfully that it almost blew the audience's hair off as Undyne shredded out yet another epic solo on her guitar, while Jack Black racked his brain wondering how these guys were able to do such a flawless impression of this song.

"URAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH, YEAH!" Sans bellowed at the very tip-top of his lungs, shattering Alphys' glasses and making Asgore's head explode as Papyrus' drums kicked in and the song kicked into awesomeness overdrive.

"SORRY!" Alphys apologized as Asgore's head reformed itself back together.

"I DID NOT MEAN! (He did not mean.) TO BLOW YOUR MIND! (To blow your mind.) BUT THAT SHIT HAPPENED TO ME! ALL THE TIYYYYYYYYY-YYYYYYYY-YYYYYYYYME!" Sans bellowed as stage lights blared and the crowd cheered so wildly that almost half of them literally had seizures while Undyne continued shredding like a boss on her guitar.

"NOW TAKE A LOOK! (Take a look.) TELL ME, WHAT DO YOU SEE? (What do you see.) WE GOT THE PICK...OF DESTINYYYYYYYY-YYYYYYYY-YYYYYYYY-YEAHHH-AHHH-AHHH-AHHHHHHHH...AAAH-AAAH-AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH, YEAH!" Sans sang beautifully with all of his might, with Undyne capping the song off with one last epic guitar solo as fireworks shot up into the sky, the entire universe exploded and then reformed itself, and Mettaton's smiling face could be seen gazing down at everyone from the heavens.

Of course, Alphys later went on to build Mettaton a new body that looked exactly the same as his old one, as well as create a short but sweet anime film out of her adventure.

All of the songs that played throughout this story became major highlights on Mettaton's top-selling MTT-Tastic music album and raked in tons of cash.

Just as Asgore had suggested during their concert, Alphys and friends indeed formed a new band called Tenacious Determination, starring Jack Black.

Best of all, everyone lived more or less happily ever after, and all of the monsters in the underground were finally free.

"And that's how me, Papyrus, Alphys, and Undyne got together and saved the world from sure destruction." Sans told Mettaton as the two of them stood together on the edge of the Benjamin Franklin Bridge and gazed out at the grand and wonderful view of the Delaware River.

"Oh, I remember it like it was only yesterday, darling!" Mettaton laughed.

"That's because it was." Alphys chuckled.

"What? Are you still buying this shit, knowing that one of these days, everything is going to be reset anyways? Well, get a freaking CLUE, you idiot! I'M the one who decides WHEN TO RESET THIS DAMNED GAME, you know!" Flowey cackled before turning around and seeing a huge and unruly mob of pissed-off Undertale players approaching him.

"Oh, SHIZZNIGGLES..." Flowey sighed.

AND SO EVERYONE FINALLY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER. THE END. UM, HELLO? I JUST SAID THE END. WHY THE F*** ARE YOU STILL SITTING HERE? GOOD DAY TO YOU, SIR, AND MAY I PLEASE SAY GOODBYE. YOU MAY POLITELY STOP READING NOW, THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

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